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A HUNDRED STRETCHES HENCE.

A ROGUISH LAY.

FROM GEO. W. MATSELL'S VOCABULUM.

Oh! where will be the culls of the bing
A hundred stretches hence?
The bene morts, who sweetly sing,
A hundred stretches hence?
The autum-cacklers, autum-coves,
The jolly blade who wildly roves;
And where the buffer, bruiser, blowen,
And all the cops and beaks so knowin',
A hundred stretches hence?

And where the swag, so bleakly pinched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The thimbles, slang, and danglers filched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The chips, the fawneys, chatty-feeders,
The bugs, the boungs, and well-filled readers;
And where the fence and snoozing-ken,
With all the prigs and lushing men,
A hundred stretches hence?

Played out their lay, it will be said
A hundred stretches hence;
With shovels they were put to bed
A hundred stretches since!
Some rubbed to whit had napped a winder,
And some were scragged and took a blinder,
Planted the swag, and lost to sight,
We'll bid them, one and all, good night,
A hundred stretches hence.

$150 PRIZE STORY.

THE

"COCK OF THE WALK;"

OR, THE

BOWERY BOYS ON THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

A THRILLING STORY OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. MARTIN LANE,

AUTHOR OF THE CLIPPER PRIZE STORY OF

HARRY BLAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE WHEN THE BELL RINGS."

Puffy Joe and the "Honeysuckle"—A little Inquisitive—The Boy and the Bully—The Lost Pocket Book—Where is it?—Somewhat Dangerous—The "Cock of the Walk"—The Rendezvous—Belle Flint and her way of doing business—A Few Spots of Blood—A Little Mysterious.

"So you've been and went and gone and done it, have ye, Honeysuckle?"

"Gone where and done what?" was the sulky question. "I rather think you don't want me for a book-keeper to post you up!"

"But what do you mean with your d——d impudence to a gentleman!"

"My eyes, but here's a pretty go. You are a gentleman I and a nice fine gentleman you are, too; almost as much of a gentleman in your suit of clothes as their is of a young lady in mine!"

"Come, Joe, I tell ye, I won't stand your d——d nonsense any longer. You know if I do sometimes come the flimsy that a man ain't safe to let his clapper sound too much when I'm round; and I want you to understand that I'm here individually, myself, at this present time!"

"Peba, Pete, you can't come the magnificent on this young man, and you can't get up any quarrel with me at this hour of the night!"

"Then keep your fast tongue inside of your d——d head, and don't interrupt a couple of gentlemen when they're going to drink."

This conversation took place in a drinking saloon in the Bowery. It was a public room, with doors opening on the street. The first speaker was a young fellow of about the age of twenty two or three; lolling upon two stools close to the bar. His countenance was lighted by a good humored twinkle in his blue eyes, and his great fat face and immense corporosity showed him to be of a kind, genial disposition. He was indifferently well dressed, but with a short pipe in his mouth, which kept him continually engaged in the operation of lighting, he looked the very picture of happiness. The man whom he addressed as Pete, presented a striking contrast to the fat, clever looking young man who usually went by the appellation of Puffy Joe. Pete Maddocks, for we might as well give his full name here, was *dressed* like a gentleman, his coat was of the finest cloth, and a splendid flowered white satin vest displayed his broad chest to the best advantage. The latest style of beaver was on his head, and the flashing studs and heavy watch-guard, and the large rings with which his fingers were loaded, all contributed to make him a swell of the first order. He was above the middle height, of athletic build, and despite the nicetles of his attire, *looked* like a formidable man. But to a critical observer, there was an absence in the air and manner of Pete of anything to indicate good breeding. Everything seemed varnished. The shirt studs and sleeve buttons were of paste—the heavy chains and massive rings smelt of Birmingham—and there was an odor of Chatham street about the coat and trousers. His countenance, too, was repulsive, particularly at times when he smiled; as long as it remained expressionless, you would have said that there was something about the man you didn't like, but when the smile came on, you would have shrunk back and said that there was something about him you feared.

His companion, who stood leaning up against the bar with him, was another slop-shop gentleman, of the same stripe, without so much pretension to elegance as Pete, yet he still followed in the wake of his leader, although his trousers were of a flashier style, and his jewelry of a brassier look.

The large saloon was almost unoccupied, for it was long past midnight. The sleepy bar-keeper was leaning back against the wall, with his coat off, and vest unbuttoned, leisurely yawning during the preceding conversation. One other person was seated in the room; he was dressed in black trousers and a red shirt, a cigar was in his mouth, and his feet thrown up carelessly on the table before him. It was impossible to see his face, for his hat was brought down on his eye brows; but his whole appearance indicated a reckless nature. A glass of whiskey was upon the table—about half gone—for he had set it down upon the entrance of Pete Maddocks and his companion.

"Yes!" continued Puffy Joe, not at all disconcerted by the manner in which Pete Maddocks had received his advances, "yes, you've done that job up in the twinkling of a lamp post. The gosling couldn't have had many feathers, or you wouldn't have pulled 'em out so sudden." Pete Maddock's countenance at this betokened fast concentrating rage, and began to grow black.

"How big a policy have you got on your carcase, young man?" said he, trying to smile.

"Come, Pete, none of your insurance talk here. I believe you'd like to let a streak of light into my abdomen, but you don't dare to do it now."

"That's so," said Pete's companion, in a hurried whisper. "You'd better let Puffy Joe alone when the 'Cock of the Walk' is round."

Maddocks gave a hasty glance over the shoulder towards the individual who was seated by the table. As he turned round, he bit his lips with vexation.

"I may see you again, Mr. Joseph Bates; and when I do, I'll endeavor to square all accounts."

"Nonsense, Pete; you've got no cause to stick your fur up in that sort of a way. What do you spose I care how many flute you pick up in this village. Can't a man that knows you like a book rip at through the skin, speak to you without your putting that beautiful looking face of yours into mourning? I just see you—you and Bob Graves there—booming along up town with a dyed-in-the wool greenhorn, and I knew you'd been coming the Gustavus Adolphus over that boy's mother's son, and that you were just going to take off his hide; and all I said, my dear Honeysuckle, was that you'd finished up that job as quick as I could swallow an oyster!"

The individual who had been addressed by the sweet appellation of Honeysuckle, belied his name most strangely during these remarks. It was evident that by the greatest efforts only was he able to restrain his fierce temper. Any reply, however, was prevented by the entrance of a stranger.

The person who now entered the saloon was a young fellow of not more than twenty years; with a hurried step he came in with his face all working with excitement; and, crossing the floor quickly, he advanced towards Maddocks, who by no means seemed delighted at the meeting.

"I'll trouble you for that pocket book, sir," said the stranger.

"What in hell do you mean by asking me about your pocket book?" was the fierce reply.

"I mean, Mr. Lancey, or whatever else you please to call yourself, *my* pocket book, that you've robbed me of within two hours!"

At these words Pete Maddocks half plunged his hand into his bosom, but after a moment's hesitation drew it out empty.

"Young man," said he, hurriedly addressing the stranger, "leave while you're safe. I don't want to kill any children to night, and you'd better go before you're carried out on a shutter!"

"No, sir—not till you've given me that pocket book. You took me up to Mrs. Ferris' and there you left me; and after you'd gone, I missed it; and more than that I believe you stole it, and I wan't it now!"

Pete's face grew dark at this, and again the hand went stealing toward his bosom. Puffy Joe saw the motion, and in a quick manner, unlike his usual style, sprang to his feet.

"Keep quiet, Pete," he exclaimed, "and you, my young bantam, had better evacuate these premises if you want to do the healthy. Why," he added, as he saw a look of impatience on the stranger's face, "are you a fool, or mad, or drunk, to talk that way to Pete Maddocks without a pistol all cocked in your hand, with your finger on the trigger?"

"If you've got any business to attend to, my fat friend, you'd better go and do it; but as for that pocket book, I came in here for it, and I'll have it before I go out. Give it to me this instant!"

The stranger's voice was high, and his manner was determined for one so young and slight.

"And if I don't give it to yer"—said Pete.

"Then I shall take it!" he exclaimed, as fearlessly he sprang towards his stalwart antagonist.

Pete's hand went into his bosom like a flash of lightning. Puffy Joe seized hastily the stool upon which he was just now sitting. Even the lazy bar-tender showed signs of life, as he dived down out of sight in an instant behind the counter. A collision seemed inevitable.

"Hold on, will yer! I tell yer, *hold on!*" rang through the room in deep tones, as the man, who had been sitting a little remote from the others, sprang to his feet, throwing over the table and glasses and chair in the movement. A few steps brought him beside the young stranger, whom he seized by the collar, and despite his struggles held him easily with one hand. "Jest leave that pistol alone, Pete Maddocks, or I'll measure your head with a spanner! And as for you, my plucky lad, jest *hold on!* Did'nt yer hear what Puffy Joe told yer jest now? Can't yer see, and won't yer do it?"

"Let go my collar," exclaimed the boy, grappling with the man who held him. "He's got my pocket book, and I must have it!"

"He haint got it. Didn't yer hear me tell yer jest now. He ain't a man who takes such little things as them. Now, I tell yer, hold on!"

The boy's struggles were perfectly useless, and he was unable to burst from the heavy hand that held him like a vice.

"You'd better go, Pete Maddocks, and leave Puffy Joe and I to take care of this young innocent; for, may be one of those fellows that hangs out round the City Hall will be dropping in, and you've been in the limboes enough!"

Without a word Pete and his companion started for the door, and in an instant they were gone.

"You'r all a pack of d——d cut-throats and pickpockets!" shouted the boy, as again he endeavored to shake off his sturdy antagonist, who held him fast, but in a half rough, half kind manner. At last, as if satisfied that all his efforts were vain, he desisted from the attempt.

"That's right, my boy; jest you keep kinder quiet, and I wont hurt yer. I never hurted a child in my life; did I, Puffy?"

"No, course you didn't, since the time you first began to run with the masheen; and you needn't be afraid, Herdegrass, now that the Honeysuckles gone. But I did think for about sixteen seconds and a quarter that your coffin was all made, and the corpus would soon be ready!"

"I don't know what your intentions are," said the young man whom Puffy Joe had designated by the complimentary appellation of "Herdegrass." "I don't know but you mean well enough, but that man that went out of here has robbed me of all the money I had. See my coat how it's been cut, and if you hadn't interfered I'd have taken it out of him, dead or alive!"

"Don't crow so loud, my young bantam. You don't know Pete Maddocks like I do; does he, Puffy? He haint got your pocket book. Didn't I tell yer he hadn't got it, and don't yer believe me when I tell yer a thing? I likes yer looks young man, and if I'd thought as how Pete had it, perhaps and I'd have jest told him to hold on, and spud it out; but he haint got it; has he, Puffy?"

"No more'n he's got Governor's Island and the Brooklyn Navy Yard!"

"But what do you know about it? You are strangers. I never saw either of you before in my life. If he hasn't got it, who has?"

Puffy Joe looked at his red shirt friend with a knowing look. The latter exchanged a significant glance, and motioned with his thumb towards the bar keeper, who was evidently an attentive observer of what was passing. Puffy Joe took the hint, and answered—

"Now you're asking too much, Herdegrass, for I don't happen to belong to the police. If you've lost your wallet, you'd better go up to a law shop in the morning, and make a complaint, and perhaps you'll get it, and perhaps you won't. As far as Joe Bates is concerned—and when I speak of that gentleman I refer to an individual who is about as tall as I am, and jest about as good looking—he don't know any more about wallets and pocket books than a dead cat knows about Bologna sossengers. And if you'll take my advice, young man, you'll jest go back to your hotel, and take a good sleep, and in the morning make tracks for home by the first train of cars, for you're altogether too good for such an immoral community as this; and the next time you come to New York City, jest stop, and don't come!"

With these words, Puffy Joe buttoned up his coat, and, after an ineffectual attempt to light his pipe, started for the door, accompanied by the "Cock of the Walk." "Come along, Seedy," said the latter, addressing a bull terrier, of about thirty five pounds, that had been lying beside the overturned table, perfectly quiet, although his eyes were fixed all the time on his master, "and you too, stranger, if you're going our way you'd better come along with the pup, for its dangerous walking over these pavements so late—rayther slippery—aint it, Puffy?"

"I should think it was jest about so and a half, particularly when a feller's been in the habit of promenading up and down a cow pasture," replied that fat individual.

The stranger had become somewhat impressed with the fact that these two men were friendly to him. They seemed, too, to have some kind of mysterious knowledge in regard to the loss he had met with. It was true they acted at first as if they were confederates of Maddocks. They had detained him, and suffered Pete to go—they had held him, and prevented him from seizing the pocket book he believed to be in Pete's possession; and perhaps they were seeking to decoy him to some unfrequented part of the city, and effectually prevent him from ever making any investigation concerning the robbery. But in spite of all these suspicious circumstances, there was something in the appearance, air, and manner of these men that spoke loudly for their honesty. Surely treachery could not lurk in the round, good humored, roguish looking face of Puffy Joe; and as for "The Cock of the Walk," through all the recklessness pictured in the curling lip, and red shirt and pulled down hat, there was something that inspired confidence. In a moment these reflections had passed through his mind, and with scarcely any hesitation he followed out his new and strangely met acquaintances.

As soon as they had passed out of the door, the taller one spoke to his companion.

"You and the stranger jest cross over, and keep up the other side till you come to Deadman's alley, and then jest hold on. I'll walk along this side of the street, and meet you there as soon as I see whether that interesting young man is holding up some of these buildings along here."

With these words they hastily separated.

Joe Bates and the young stranger, whom we will now introduce to our readers by the name of Charley Lee, went directly across the street, and followed the directions they had received. Charley was somewhat surprised at their early separation, and indistinct visions of some danger to be apprehended presented themselves to his mind. But his determination was unshaken, and he walked resolutely beside his short-winded friend."

"He's one of 'em, ain't he?" said Puffy Joe to the stranger, as they went their way; "if he ain't, you may take the straps off of my boots! Didn't you see how Pete Maddocks struck off when he told him to put his things in his travelling bag and buy a through ticket? and Pete Maddocks won't have to go to a 'pothecary shop for a set of eye teeth. He's got 'em inside of his food punisher, and he's had 'em since he was weaned! Pete's pretty smart in his mawleys, and rather quick on the trigger, but he don't dare to stand on anybody's horse when the Cock of the Walk's around!"

"But who is this Cock of the Walk?"

"Don't you try to fool your uncle Ezra, my young innocent; don't know the Pet of the whole Bowery? Don't know the Cock of the Walk?"

"I must say," replied Charley, "that I never heard of the individual before to night!"

"Why, where in the world do you live that you never heard of Bill Foster? You must have been born under a cabbage leaf, and brought up in a turnip patch, if you have never heard of him! He's run with the masheen ever since he put on his own clothes; and my eyes! but ain't he savagerous when he does go in lemons! There ain't a man on the whole island that'll throw out his shoulders when they're passing Bill on the sidewalk; for in a rough-and-tumble there's no man round here that can hold a lantern to him."

"But who is this Maddocks, as you call him; and where has he gone?" inquired Charley.

But Puffy Joe became reserved and uncommunicative.

"Don't ask me anything about the Honeysuckle, for that's some race tracks I don't let my tongue run of when I'm in the street; it's not healthy to do it!"

With these words Joe suddenly came to a stop, and grasping Charley firmly by one arm, turned to the left. There was about light enough in the sky for the stranger to see that they had come to the entrance of a lane, or alley, not more than four or five feet wide.

"This is the place," whispered Joe, "and don't make much of any noise in it, although I don't imagine we should find anybody here this time of night, unless it's Bill and I. They call this Deadman's alley, for the first thing the police do on this 'ere beat is to look in here every morning to see whether a corpse hain't been left here over night; and half the time they *do* find one!"

Charley Lee's blood ran cold at this, and he could hardly restrain himself from shuddering as he looked into the darkness behind him, picturing the history of all the bloody deeds that had ever been transacted there. At last they heard a low whistle, to which Puffy replied. In a moment more they were joined by Bill.

"Glimmer up," said he, softly, but with the same old drawl.

Joe instantly took from his pocket a small dark lantern, and shot a gleam of light up the alley. All thence cast earnest glances, but nothing met their eyes but bricks and stone. The lantern was closed in a moment, and the party went along. Not a word was spoken until stumbling through the dark they had reached the end of the alley. There Joe stopped and fumbled round his pockets for a key, which at last he found; and with it he opened an old door, whose hinges gave forth no grating sound. They went in, and the door was carefully shut by Bill. The lantern was then opened, and, guided by the light, they passed through the hall or entry, and entered a large, low, old fashioned room. There was no furniture there, with the exception of a rickety pine table, and three or four stools. The floor and walls were bare, and presented a most dreary appearance.

"Should have been with you before, Joe, but I met Ned Ward and the cross eyed man just below, and they wanted me to go 'long with them down to Dutch Sam's, for there's a crowd of fellers there, they say, spiling for a fight; but I told him as how as I was busy, but we'd be there to-morrow night, if he'd only hold on, and he said he would."

"Ned Ward's a d——d good fellow," said Puffy Joe, lighting his pipe, "and a good man for a backer; and for a small man, he's got a very pretty way of doing business; but as for that individual with irregular optics, d——m him! In my opinion, he's a cheap critter, and you can't term him four feet and a half. If one of these nights I don't get into a row with that fellow, and give him a sockdolager I'd straiten out his eyes for him!"

"You'd better not do it, Puffy, for you'd get lammed. He's a touch above you, Joe, and it can't be did. No, Puffy; you'll have to *hold on*."

"Well, jist you see, old feller, if I don't punch the top of his car case in less than half a week. If I don't you may take the straps off of my boots!"

During the conversation, Charley had remained standing, listening with interest to the talk of these two strange companions. A silence ensued for a time, while the two men went on smoking. At last it was broken by Bill, who stopped drumming on the table, and looked up to Charley.

"How much had you in your pocket book, my innocent victim?"

"All the money I have in the world," he replied; "about fifteen hundred dollars; but I don't care so much for that, if it were not for some letters and trinkets."

"Fifteen hundred?" said Joe, "that's quite a little operation for our friend Maddocks."

"But you told me just now that Maddocks didn't take it," interrupted Charley.

"Not by a d——d sight!" replied Joe, puffing out a cloud of smoke from his capacious mouth that almost concealed him from view. "We told yer that *Pete* hadn't got it, and in case he *had* got it, do you spose the Honeysuckle would be so jolly green as to carry a thing like that round like an Irish woman peddling peanuts? No, no, Chickweed; if Pete Maddocks took yer wallet, you can go yer whole pile on his not having the documents in his pocket fifteen minutes after the rag was unravelled?"

"I'm surprised, Puffy, to hear yer talk that nonsense, and yer'd better *hold on*. Yer don't know any more'n our fresh friend from the country. Why, Pete's just come one of his genteel dodges, and he's taken Chickweed up to Mrs. Ferris', and gin the wink to Belle Flint, and she come the affectionate over the young man, who cut the cloth!"

"Damnation!" exclaimed Charley; "you've hit it the first time. But how did you know where I'd been, and who I'd seen?"

"Yer said yer'd been to Mrs. Ferris' along with Pete; and then I knew the whole story. Belle's the biggest trump Pete's got in his pack. She used to be a lucky sort of a gal till the Honeysuckle got round her; and since that time she's as vicious as he is, and she's got twice the pluck."

"That's so every time!" put in Joe; "for I've known her from the time she sold apples down by the Park, and picked pockets by way of variety. Yes; I suppose Pete met young verdant in one of the down-town hotels, and come the gentleman, and ventured to show him the Giraffe. Yes; that's one of Pete's own dodges, and he's got a caveat applied for, as the lawyers say," continued Puffy Joe, laughing as the scene rose before him; "and when he got yer up to Lize Ferris', Belle Flint came in all rigged out, and asked you if you wasn't fond of music, particularly when it was full of soul; and then she went to the pianney (she's got a bully voice, hasn't she, old cock?) and played to yer, and sung to yer, till yer thought you'd made a thirteen shot with the white ball off the board; and when she got up and put her arm round yer to go from the stringed instrument, she took particular pains to get on the left side. Ain't it so my duckling? and that's the time you lost your wallet!"

"True!" exclaimed Charley, grating his teeth; "and what a consummate fool I was not to see the trick before. It was then I found out I had been robbed, and, as this man Maddocks had left, I suspected him, and started off. What a perfect blockhead I am!"

"Not so bad, not so bad as that, young man," said Bill, "for many's the smart feller that Belle Flint's shaken down. She can do it every time. I shouldn't wonder but what she could take in such a lemon as Puffy Joe, and squeeze him dry in the time it would take 'Seedy' to kill a rat."

"But what shall I do?" exclaimed Charley. "You seem to be my friends, gentlemen," (as this appellation, which Puffy Joe heard addressed to him for the first time in his life, came out, it was with the utmost difficulty that that interesting young man kept himself from falling on the floor) "and I would like to have your advice. Although it leaves me destitute of money, still I do not care for that, but there were some papers there of the very highest importance to me. How shall I recover them? Shall I obtain a warrant for her arrest?"

"A mighty sight of good that would do you," said Bill, who was puffing industriously away on a long cigar, "for yer can't find no Perlice Judge in this little village that would convict Belle Flint, even if the best man in the city should swear agin her. They all know her, and she knows them, and they darn't do it."

"You may take every strap off of my boots if it ain't so!" exclaimed Joe. "She can expose more men than all the other women from the battery to the Highlands!"

"Then, indeed, I am ruined!" exclaimed Charley, leaning his head upon the table, and fairly bursting into tears.

"The young 'un takes it pretty hard, Joe, don't he?" said Bill, in a pitying tone.

"Worse'n pullin' teeth," replied that worthy.

"I tell yer what, Joe, I like the boy, if he is green—we've got to overlook that. In course yer don't expect that feller to know as much as if he'd run with the masheen ever since he could hear a bell ring."

"No, Bill, he hasn't had the eddication you and I got when we was young."

"And perhaps, Joe, if we'd only been raised out in the country we should have been just d—d fools enough to get laid out by Pete Maddocks and Belle Flint! Look a here, young 'un, just *hold on!* I likes your looks, and I don't mind giving you a lift myself. It's a pretty hard chance for the money; but as for the papers, I can get them, if they ain't burnt up!"

"He can do it, Herdegrass," said Puffy Joe; "go yer can just wipe yer weeping eyes, for Bill's better than all the Perlice on the Island, if so be he only lays down on it."

"I am very much obliged to you for your kindness," said Charley; "and I want you to believe that it's not for the loss of the money that I cried, but the papers, that are of the utmost consequence to me, and others that I love more than myself. If you can assist me in recovering them, although I am at present in a destitute condition, yet the time will certainly come when I can repay."

"Don't yer talk to Bill Foster about *pay!* Just *hold on!* I don't work for any man's pay—*me!* I don't! Do yer suppose I'm round this time of night picking up odd jobs? I tell yer, stranger, I like yer looks, and I'm willing to help yer; but don't yer talk that way to Bill Foster if yer want him for a friend."

Charley hastily apologized for his remarks.

"All right, young man, I didn't 'spose as how you meant to insult me, for there ain't many boys along the Bowery that would try that thing on. But come, it ain't any too quick to start for Lize Ferris', and 'twould have been some better if we'd started two hours ago."

At these words, Bill sprang to his feet with a quick motion, singularly in contrast with his drawling manner of speaking. Joe jumped up, and buttoned his coat, and "Seedy" showed signs of vitality. As Charley turned, he noticed, by the full blaze of the lantern, that the floor was strangely marked with dark spots. They were all over it—some large and others small. A little upon one side, partly under the table, and covering the surface on which he had been standing, was one very large and dark stain. With curiosity excited, he gazed wonderingly at it for a moment. The "Cock of the Walk" noticed the look.

"It can't be washed out, young man. There's no water that can do it!"

"But what is it?" exclaimed Charley, shuddering as if afraid of the answer.

"It's blood—right from a man's heart—and he bled freely, and he fought well. You see there's stains all over the floor, and if you look you'll see 'em on the wall."

"But what was it, a combat or a *murder?*"

"I can't tell you that, for it was mor'n thirteen years ago; but I recollect the story, for I was just coming on to be a young man, and run with the gals then; and one morning I saw a crowd of people here standing round the door, and I just lifted up my shoulders and went through, and when I got in to this room there was a lot of policemen and a coroner, and right there by the table was a fine looking man lying on his back, stiff and cold, with holes enough in his body to let out life in more'n twenty places. I've forgot his name now, but I knew it then; but I'll never forget his look as he lay there on his back. There was bloody tracks out into the hall, for the man who did it went out the way we came in, but the Police never come across him, and whoever it was, and whether 'twas done in fair fight, or whether the man was struck from behind, nobody ever knew. There was some kind of an investigation, and they whispered it round that some pretty big bugs were mixed up in the affair, but it all dropped through. And I shouldn't wonder as how there was some money spent to stop all loose talk. I know one policeman that used to keep his beat in the Bowery, just about where we struck into the Alley, that left the city soon after this. You know him, Joe—Mart Springer; and he's keeping a public house up to Albany, but where he got the money to start with I can't tell you. And it's my opinion Mart Springer met somebody that morning before daybreak, but if he did he never mentioned it."

Charley's countenance assumed a most peculiar and agonizing expression during this recital. The color seemed to have left his face entirely, and he almost gasped for breath.

"Thirteen years ago!" he exclaimed, "thirteen years ago! what month was it, man, tell me the month!"

Bill Foster and Puffy Joe noticed the peculiar expression of Charley's face, and the strong interest he manifested in the narrative.

"I don't think I can tell you precisely the month!"

"It was October, was it not? the same month as at present, and it was the twenty third day, wasn't it—the same day it is now?" demanded Charley, furiously, and without waiting for an answer went on, "and this street, where this house is, it's Carwin street, and the nearest corner is Padbury Lane?"

"Well, young man, you've named it for a wonder the first time, and it's few men that live in New York that could come here as we have, and imagine this house was on Carwin street; but it's so, and you're right, stranger!" replied Bill, partaking in some degree of Charley's excitement.

"Of course it is," said Lee, sternly. "It was to be so, and it is. Thirteen years ago this very morning the deed was done, and it was fit that I should be here to-day. The years have gone by, but they have obliterated nothing; the blood shed here has not ceased to cry aloud—vengeance has been sleeping, but it is now the time when her hour has come. Yes, thirteen years ago this morning was that blood spilt upon this floor, and it is there still—the same deep, dark, damning stain. The years have rolled by, but they have not erased it. Water could not wash it out. The elements could not waste it. Wealth, influence, darkness, secrecy, all combined to shield the murderer, but against him was time, the elements, and the justice of God. I tell you, it was not by a blind chance that you brought me here at this time and in this room. God has brought us together to be instruments in his hand for the accomplishment of vengeance on the guilty. The man whose life blood stains this floor was the author of my being. For years have I waited for the opportunity of avenging his death, and now I feel that the fullness of time is drawing nigh, and you are the men whom Providence has sent me to aid in the result!"

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of Bill and his companion at this announcement. His manner was full of dignity and earnestness, and they were awed and impressed by it. After a brief pause, Charley went on—

"Those papers of which I was this evening robbed, are in some degree—I cannot explain it now—connected with my father's fate. The same heart that was joyed at his death, would be delighted at their possession. On this account I was more than ever desirous for their recovery!"

"If that's so," said Bill, "let's start for Lize Ferris'. You can trust in Puffy and I, young 'un, and we'll stick by you as long as you need backers. We'll stick by you if all Bowery was down on you, for we're true blue; aint we Puffy?"

With these words, Bill, calling his dog, started and passing through a succession of rooms, unfurnished and bleak, followed by Joe and Charley, emerged by a different door from the house into Carwin street.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MATCH AGAINST TIME IN CALIFORNIA.—On the 1st of November, the great match of riding 150 miles in 6 hours and 20 minutes came off, in the presence of about 3,000 spectators, over the San Jose Race Course, San Francisco. The day was a glorious one, and the excitement intense. The match was for a wager of $2,500. For a number of days preceding, Don Ramon Pico, who rode the race, had about 30 California horses in training for his use, but it was whispered around that several of his animals had given out in the preliminary exercise. Pico however was sure of his nags, and by close calculation found that to win the race in the time proposed, including necessary stoppages, every mile would have to be made in 2:26. He felt confident he could stand the fatigue if his horses could. Promptly at 9 o'clock he signified his readiness to proceed. He was dressed in striped cassimere pants foxed with buckskin, tight fitting blue cloth jacket, trimmed with gold lace, and a blue cloth riding cap, with large visor. The judges of the race were Thos. Bodley, Esq., W. M. Williamson and John O'Neil, of Monterey. The change of horses was opposite the stables, just beyond the first turn, and his start was from the score. At 11 minutes past 9 o'clock, he was tapped off for the start, and made the 150 miles in 6:57:45. His quickest mile was the second (2:11) and his slowest the sixty-third (2:54). At the conclusion of the match, Pico ran another mile in 2:41—making 151 in 6:0:26, and at the close of the race came up to the judges' stand not at all distressed, saying he was ready to ride fifty miles more. For the first hundred miles he did not take any refreshment, but after that, he drank freely of wine and water. He is a young man, stands about 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs 145 pounds. He challenges any one to undertake a feat similar to the above.

ROW BOAT RACE AT SACRAMENTO.—On the 31st of October, a race came off at the above place. It had long been on the *tapis*, and was between McClusky, in the Whitehall boat, and Frank Brown, in the Folsom blue boat. The day was beautiful and the water of the Sacramento was as smooth as a mirror. The race was for $800, the contestants putting up four hundred each, to go five miles. A spectator thus describes the contest:—"At a few minutes before 11 o'clock, the boats got the word 'go,' and started off, even, down the river. They maintained their relative positions as far as the bend, when McClusky pulled ahead; at this point we lost sight of them, they having to go a quarter of a mile further to the stake boat which they had to turn. On returning, when as far as the bend where they came in sight, the Whitehall boat was a short distance in advance, and kept it all the way up, and passed the bridge *en route* for the upper stake boat, one and a quarter mile above the bridge. The blue boat was in her wake, running bow and stern as they passed the bridge. Neither of the oarsmen appeared at all fatigued after making half the trip, while their boats were going through the muddy water like things of life. Close at the bend above the bridge the blue boat came alongside of the Whitehall boat, and after rounding the turn, when they entered the homestretch, both boats appeared to be moving 'nip and tuck' as far as the mouth of the American river, when Brown, by an almost superhuman effort, darted the blue boat past her competitor, and from then till her arrival at the starting point appeared to be gaining at every pull. Brown passed the bridge like an arrow some eight lengths in advance, winning the race and money in the short space of fifty two minutes and nine seconds."

FOOT RACE AT PITTSBURGH.—Last week, a match against time came off in the above place, for $150, distance half a mile, which was covered by a young man named James Sullivan. The conditions were that Sullivan, who is a rolling mill hand, should bar all training, and work the entire week previous to the race; the wager being that he could not do the half mile in 2:30. He, however, surprised the people by running the distance in 2:16 very easily, over a heavy track. Sullivan has since expressed his willingness to run any man in America, for $1000, any distance from one quarter to five miles.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The imperial authorities of Russia have been adopting a good course, directly to do away with duelling, and indirectly to encourage a resort to nature's weapons, when a dispute has to be settled. In pursuance of this, an officer in the army, and individually of the rank of nobility, was recently degraded to the ranks, for having killed a brother officer. Duelling, therefore, will soon cease to be a fashionable pastime in Russia, and something of less serious consequences, and a nearer approach to fair play, will, most probably, take its place.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C., Pittsburgh.—This correspondent, in explanation of his wish to notice some of the actors of the Pittsburgh Theatre, as referred to in our last, says, he was requested, by certain of the actors themselves, to make notices of them, for which they were willing to pay; and that it was *not* his proposition, originally. We are glad to hear it. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are always willing to notice the profession, more especially those just starting out, but not for money.

CONSTANT READER, Hartford.—*Forty-Fives.*—The penalty for a revoke is varied, some claiming that the party revoking should lose the game, while others contend that the penalty should be confined to that hand only. Hoyle says, however, that "each player must follow suit when he can, under penalty of forfeiting his stake,"—which is tantamount to loss of game.

W. A S., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Cumberland's edition of plays will be your best text book. They can be procured through Mr. French, of No. 122 Nassau street, in this city. 2. You are quite right; amply as the theatrical profession has been recruited by members of the "black art," we know of no failure by one of them.

W. W., Pemberton, N. J.—There was a forfeit up between them before the Boy left England, but the match never came to anything; whether the affair will be resumed at a future time depends upon circumstances. We may have something to say upon the subject as soon as we shall have heard from the other side.

J. Y. B.—A very natural inquiry. The fact is, we have to run off our paper so fast, that justice can not be done to that department. To look as they ought to look, requires slow work and constant attention. We never did better at this season of the year.

S. T., Louisville.—Your letters almost invariably reach us on Tuesday, and as we go to press on Monday, they are generally one week behind time, which will account for their not appearing entire.

FAIR PLAY, Baltimore.—Your letter was dated December 31, and postmarked Dec 10, so that the news it contained was anticipated by correspondents who were much faster than yourself.

B. L., Montreal.—Billy ran, but his owner says he has not been in training, and the winning party has since refused to give him another trial.

E. B., Bowling Green.—We trust to ascertain the lady's whereabouts in the course of the week. It seems that her track has been lost for some time past, to her friends and acquaintances.

BOSTON.—His name was understood to be Charley Duane, and we are informed that he is still in California.

PHILADELPHIA.—We have no record of the lady's "pedigree," but are under the impression that she is a native of this country.

YOUNG SPORT.—He received a certain share of the receipts, not a regular salary.

SPORTSMAN.—Drop a line to Mr. James Newsome, Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y., who is a fancier, and imports "the article."

C. W., Baltimore.—Buchanan carried California in 1856. The vote was as follows: Buchanan, 53,365; Fillmore, 36,165; Fremont, 20,691.

WESTERN MAN.—The distance from New York to San Francisco, by way of Panama, is about 4,700 miles.

B. R. H., Carlisle, Ind.—Your subscription expired nearly two months since.

J. S., Fort Cascades, W. T.—"Received in full of all demands" for the time specified.

X., Philadelphia.—Taylor was the winner. See report in another column.

JAS. B, Chicago.—He has been performing at the theatre in question for several years. Drop a line to that address.

OBSERVER, Camp Floyd, Utah.—Thank you. We shall be glad to hear from you.

J. O., Cincinnati.—B, having made the trump, *has* a right to go alone.

C. W. D., Lebanon, N. H.—Apply in person to some of the managers, or address them by mail.

SIM, Baltimore.—We'll do the "sweetening," ourselves.

T. B., Long Island.—So answer to J. Y. B.

BIG THING.

MACE AND BENJAMIN MATCHED.

THE STAKES TO BE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS A SIDE.

By reference to our department of foreign affairs in the P. R., our readers will discover that a match has been made between big Benjamin and the redoubtable Jem Mace, for the large amount of £500 a side. The former will be remembered as the individual who was twice discomfited by the ex-Champion, Tom Sayers, in double quick time on each occasion; and the latter as the late victor of Bob Brettle, and also a challenger at the present time of the Staleybridge Infant for the Championship of England. Fifty pounds a side are already deposited, and articles drawn up, signed, sealed, and delivered, so that appearances are favorable for a "big thing" on March 5, 1861. The patrons of the P. R. and lovers of the manly art in England appear determined its glory shall not wane in quite so speedy a manner as has been foretold, and a general searching up of their best men appears to be going on. The present match will create no little excitement, as curiosity will be awakened to learn whether Benjamin has improved since his last appearance in the magic circle; also, whether Mace will be enabled to wind up the big 'un, in short metre, after the manner of Sayers.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Hurst has not yet recovered from his injury, but is getting along favorably. It is announced that he will make known his choice of the two who have challenged him for the honors, at an early date; our latest advices say "next week," so that Jem Mace and the "Old 'Un" will not be kept in suspense long, and another battle for the Championship of England will soon be on the tapis. Another star has appeared in the fistic firmament, known as young King, whose gallant victory over Truckle, and doings up to the present time, will be found in another column. He aspires to the honors of Champion; whether his aspirations will be successfully fulfilled, and he be crowned King of the British Ring, remains to be seen. In making known his desires, he expresses himself thus:—"I hope, if Hurst has not already selected his man, he will think twice about it, and give a chance to one nearer his size." The Champion Belt appears to be a much coveted trophy; who will be the eventual and lucky retainer? It does not look as though Hurst would be allowed to "stand at ease" for any length of time during his term of office.

ANOTHER RENEGADE REFEREE.—THE EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.—In the battle between Povey and Buxton, an account of which will be seen in our foreign department, it appears that the referee, taking pattern from the referee of Farnborough notoriety, ran away from the ring *an hour before the close of the fight*, and with a like object doubtless—to save the pockets of himself and friends. We were in hopes that the first case of this kind would have been the last, and that the glory of the British P. R. would not have been again tarnished by so base and cowardly an act. Our readers will perceive that by this last pedestrian feat, Povey was unable to secure a decision in his favor which he should have received, when Buxton committed so palpable a foul as kicking his opponent in the ribs when down. *Bell's Life* approves of the conduct of this man who thus abused the trust reposed in him, which, however, they were almost compelled to do, or else own up to the faithlessness of its editor, who was referee in the Sayers and Heenan battle. Birds of a feather, &c.

THE BIG PICTURE OF THE BIG FIGHT.—This picture has been presented us by Mr. George Rowley, the agent appointed for its sale in the United States, by Mr. Newbold. Mr. R. is at present staying at No. 480 Broadway, and, beside the above picture, has others on hand, including portraits of Sayers and Heenan, Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, Nat Langham, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Jem Ward, Tom Cribb, Ben Caunt, Great Fight of Broome and Hannan, Sayers and Paddock, Sayers' Contests, Humphrey and Van Dusen, Walker, Gillam, Lynch the American, Hannan, Ward in private dress Chambers, the Champion of the Thames, also, Chambers, While, and Kelly on one plate, J. C. Heenan and Sayers in fighting costume and citizens dress.

AN EXTENSIVE TURKEY.—A few days since, Mr. Samuel Middlekauff shot a wild turkey, at Sierrett's Gap, Cumberland county, Pa., weighing 21 lbs., and measuring from the tips of the wings six feet six inches, and from the bill to the end of the tail four feet six inches.

A BIG DEER.—A deer weighing 410 lbs. was recently shot near Big Pond Furnace, on the South Mountain. It was supposed to be seventeen years of age, and doubtless afforded a banquet like itself and the place of its taking off, big.

SEASONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

ONE of the Boston papers recently announced the fact that the "Warren Base Ball Club," of Roxbury, had organized itself into a literary and debating association for the winter. This little paragraph particularly attracted our attention, and elicits our commendation. It suggests many thoughts which it is a gratification to indulge, and many sources of delight which may be turned to most excellent practical application by similar associations all over the country. And that, too, not merely by base ball clubs, but by cricket, boating, and, in short, all organizations for out-door summer amusement, which possess sufficient centralization of funds and interest to possess a common rendezvous, or club room. The proposition is an excellent one, and its execution is most feasible. Accustomed to each others manners, and cognizant of each others tastes and sentiments; already bound together by the affiliating ties of common ambitions and similar pursuits, there are present all the elements of amity in the pursuit of the additional objects above alluded to, and an assurance of rapid advance to excellence in them which nothing short of professional organizations of the kind have hitherto attained.

You have had your own peculiar season's amusement; they are now closed. Your defeats you have buried and striven to forget; your victories you have emblazoned on your various trophies, and will never cease to indulge in natural and honorable pride (we hope it will go no farther) in recounting them. But for the present they are of the history of the past. Nature has sealed up your record, you assenting or dissenting. No more defeats to chagrin, no more victories to elate, until kindly Spring again breathes upon our rude northern clime; again opens the fields and clothes them with green fit for your use; again unseals the sparkling water, and renders its billows so kind of mood and playful of manner as again to become a fit and pleasant arena for future manly strifes and manly triumphs. You have come from your various pastimes with clear heads and stout arms, with bright eyes and the tide of life bounding freely and joyously in your veins. Assuredly better men and citizens, truer husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers are ye for your manly sports exercised in honest emulation. And not only you personally, but the whole race around you is better and more vigorous; breathing more deeply and longer of life, love, and happiness for your judicious efforts at self-cultivation. Yes! the leaven is in the lump—the whole is benefitted.

And now, friends, what are you going to do during your season of temporary inaction? Will you sink into a moral, intellectual, and physical inactivity; declaring there is no profit, no amusement, no life—save only in your own one game? Or, forgetting yourselves, and your kindred; forgetting manhood, and honor, and virtue, will you exchange the green field and glancing wave for the carpet of sloth, and luxury, and vice? Will you exchange the pure air and glorious sun of heaven—all manly sentiment and honorable ambition, for the smoke-begrimmed haunts of revelry, scarce penetrated by the midnight jet with the aid of surrounding prisms—places where no pure smile of woman can ever come? Will you blast the good work of a long season's building up, by a brief but mad career of dissipation? These are strong questions of life practicality, which every individual will more or less directly and practically answer, with or without intending it, according to the life he assumes at or about the present holidays. Happy he who enjoys the kindly restraints of a pleasant home and genial family circle! No! For you, now so promising, we look for something better, and hope for the best. Shun by every horror of destruction, by every bright hope for the future, by every manly sentiment of intellectuality, and every worthy emotion of the heart, home and purity, the vortices implied in the points which we here gladly dismiss for the brighter and more congenial positive views of the question in hand.

Organize literary and debating associations in your club rooms, or accustomed quarters of meeting. It is an excellent suggestion. Allow an additional suggestion from us, your assured friend. By all means so arrange your hours of meeting; so regulate your conduct and surroundings; so select your subjects and restrict their methods of investigation, that your lady friends can always be invited with pride and attend with pleasure. Their influence will be better, more prized and appreciated than the mere license of noisy mirth, or uncouth demonstrations of what sort soever. With their presence and refining influence you shall reap a tenfold good from every effort consistently put forth in the direction indicated.

Again; by all means introduce into your club rooms the material for the practice of those elegant, refining, and, to a remarkable degree, cultivating games—chess and draughts. Not merely in themselves innocent, they foster and develope all the nobler qualities of head and heart, repress the vulgar and degrading passions. The means of competently acquiring these games are, to the intellectually inclined, easy and cheap. A competent instructor of either game can be secured on any hand at a trifling outlay of effort, and no great expense. What more rational or delightful amusement could be had for a few of our long winter evenings, than for our cricket, base ball, and boating club members, around the common hearth of their club room, their wives, sisters and sweethearts surrounding and participating, to enjoy and profit by a short course of lectures on such games—though games, so worthy the attention of sentient beings. They are at once a pastime and a discipline. Is it not an attractive picture?

Other pastimes there are, no doubt, worthy your attention, but of their class these are best—as brother Beecher would say, "representative." We will mention but one other in this connection—billiards. There is much that is excellent in this beautiful, and scientific game, cultivating executive precision to the highest degree of nicety, and peculiarly fascinating to its devotees.

Once more; many there are whom taste, habit, and education alike unite in turning from the intellectual forms of amusement we have been considering to a more energetic physical life—and that constantly regardless of season. Well and good! "every man to humor." For such, "rejoicing in their strength," we have gymnasia on every side, with every conceivable appliance for the development and perfection of the human frame, and the most boundless enjoyment in their exercise for those who already possess such perfections. All these may be enjoyed at proper hours and with the most approved surroundings. Have you wealth? Private professors of sparring, fencing, military exercises in fine, of every manly accomplishment, and of first-rate capacity await your bidding. So every excuse for indolence, much less vice and its concomitant deterioration, is wholly removed; and on his own head be the consequences who wilfully does himself a wrong either of positive commission or negative neglect.

Lastly, even our rugged clime, which has closed our fields and given occasion for these remarks—let even it has given us in exchange some of our most glorious and invigorating out-door sports. Its very sternness and apparent surliness has hardened the surface of our lakes and streams into a most coveted arena for the skater, curler, golfer, and pursuer of kindred sports. And even the inveterate disciple of "St. Izaak" finds a most exhilarating phase of his sport under the very circumstances that would seem to shut him up in sullen gloom. With high-bounding blood, and expanding nostrel, and deep, life-prolonging inhalations, all these continue, nay perfect to the very acme of physical condition, the education of the genial summer time.

Verily there is no excuse for sloth and deterioration. No, no! It is our duty and we have the privilege to be vigorous, to improve, to live well and long. Sloth to the enervated dweller within the dreamy tropics; and vice to the innately depraved! Summer or winter, we have still mighty objects before us to live and labor for; but, too, we have amusements still worthy our pursuing, yielding ennobling pleasure comporting with our position as men and immortals.

BIG RUN AT BILLIARDS.—Another of those extraordinary feats with the cue was executed in Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst., so says a correspondent, in which a party made the big run of 3,628. We hear a great deal about these big runs, from various sources, but it has always been our misfortune, during a long billiard experience among the "big guns," never to have witnessed one of these marvels. When some one of these billiard notables may determine to repeat the thing on the square, we hope we may be notified, after which we will lay down the "fiddle" and the cue, &c.

2:42.—In Mr. Dempsey's challenge, in our last, in which he offered to trot his sorrel Ned against any horse in the world, it should have been stated, against any horse, etc., that never beat 2:42.

SPORTING MATTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

BILLIARDS AND FANCY SHOTS.

BERGER AND PHELAN.

SCORES AND DISCOUNTS.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, December 15th, 1860.

At his own private expense, Mr. Bird has fitted up his upper room in a neat and comfortable manner for the exhibitions which are being given by M. Berger. The inaugural exhibition of this distinguished professional came off on Monday evening, the occasion of which was a complimentary entertainment to the Press. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen were present, all of whom anticipated something excellent, and, of course, were not disappointed. A few moments before eight o'clock, the great *artiste* made his appearance, and, after relieving himself of his coat and hat, proceeded to make his necessary arrangements previous to the tournament. Before exhibiting a shot, Mons. Berger informed the spectators, in the French tongue, of the curious movements of the balls upon the table and their scientific termination, which was interpreted and communicated to the anxious crowd by M. Berger's agent.

The first part of the entertainment consisted of several extraordinarily scientific caroms, in which the cue ball, after striking the object ball, is forced upon the two reds. Six shots of this kind were made, the paramount object of which was to bring the four balls together, which was successfully accomplished by the corpulent Frenchman with all the ease and perfect *nonchalance* which on all occasions characterizes him.

The second part of this interesting programme was the *masse* shots. Seven lessons were given of those terrific shots, all of which elicited applause and admiration from the delighted *sarans*. Each shot was explained by M. Berger, and interpreted and communicated by his agent, the compound explanations of which were to the effect, that in each instance the critical positions of the balls prevented a carom, except by a *masse* shot play.

The third part of the exhibition was a display of fantastical or fancy shots, as follows:—A hat was placed upon one end of the table. On one side of the hat was placed the two reds, and on the other side the two whites. After the cue ball strikes the object ball, it is forced to jump over the hat and carom upon one or both of the two reds. A number of shots were made, in which the cue ball took the circuit of the table, after making the object ball, and caroming upon the two reds. The third fancy series of displays was by placing a hat upon the table, and placing the two reds upon one side, and the two whites upon the other, and causing the cue ball, after striking the object ball, to describe a semi-circle, and carom upon the two reds. Four similar shots of this kind were made. Another shot displayed the "draw" to a great extent. The boy in attendance held a cue over the table; the two reds were placed in the corner, and a few inches from them the white balls. In this shot M. Berger compels the cue ball to jump over the cue, and then return and carom upon the reds, exhibiting that although the cue ball is evidently and in reality forced in an opposite direction from the reds, it retains sufficient retrograde force to return, with locomotive speed, from whence it started. Another interesting shot was the cue ball, after striking the object ball, cutting a figure 9, and caroming upon the two reds. M. Berger's *chef d'œuvre* was the placing of the two reds in one corner, and the two whites in the opposite diagonal corner—the cue ball, after striking the object ball, is forced upon the ledge of the table, where it runs a considerable distance, then returns to the bed of the table, makes the lower cushion, and caroms upon the two reds. This extraordinary *bizarre* display caused the most boisterous enthusiasm; and M. Berger, acknowledging the *encore*, again successfully played this fancy shot. He terminated part third of the entertainment by four of his most difficult *masse* shots. They were all received with applause.

Before commencing part fourth of the exhibition, which was a French carom (three ball) game between M. Berger and Mr. Phelan, the distinguished Anglo-American champion remarked that he believed his friend to be *the* master of this game, and that he unostentatiously defied competition. After these brief strictures, the game commenced. The following is an accurate score:—

BERGER.			PHELAN.		BERGER.			PHELAN.	
No. Shot.	Score.	Total.	Score.	Total.	No. Shot.	Score.	Total.	Score.	Total.
1..	3	3	3	3	12..	4	61	0	10
2..	0	3	1	4	13..	1	62	2	12
3..	1	4	1	5	14..	0	62	1	13
4..	2	6	0	5	15..	2	64	4	17
5..	16	22	1	6	16..	2	66	0	17
6..	4	26	3	9	17..	7	73	0	17
7..	13	39	0	9	18..	10	83	1	18
8..	4	43	0	9	19..	2	85	0	18
9..	5	48	1	10	20..	1	86	0	18
10..	5	53	0	10	21..	3	89	2	20
11..	4	57	0	10	22..	11	100		

Both gentlemen made some beautiful shots in the game. Berger displayed his scientific *masse* shot to great advantage. His misses were infinitesimal; so much so that they provoked the admiration of the spectators as much, if not more than his most excellent caroms. This game terminated the evening's entertainment, the unanimous opinion of the entertained being that M. Berger was a master of the art.

On Tuesday evening, M. Berger gave his first regular public exhibition. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen were present. He opened the entertainment by a display of his various fancy shots, and concluded by participating with Mr. Phelan in a game.

On Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, an entertainment was tendered to the members of the Philadelphia Club and their ladies. A game was played by M. Berger and one of the gentlemen connected with the club. In this game, Berger scored twenty-eight in one run.

An exhibition took place in the afternoon and evening. In the evening, about one hundred and twenty-five persons were present, who manifested a great deal of delight at the wonderful scientific displays of the French champion. In endeavoring to make his serpentine shot, M. Berger failed several times. Although it seemed to annoy him, it was a gratification to the spectators. The entertainment commenced with a game by M. Berger and Mr. Phelan. In this game, Mr. Phelan, in his forty-first shot, made the most superb shot ever executed upon a billiard table, and was the recipient of prolonged applause, M. Berger heartily joining his patrons in their emotional enthusiasm. Berger, in his twenty-seventh shot, elicited considerable laughter by his acknowledgement, in English, of a most ridiculous "scratch." The following is the accurate score of the game:—

BERGER.			PHELAN.		BERGER.			PHELAN.	
No. Shot.	Score.	Total.	Score.	Total.	No. Shot.	Score.	Total.	Score.	Total.
1..	0	0	0	0	23..	7	76	0	21
2..	0	0	0	0	24..	0	76	0	21
3..	15	15	1	1	25..	3	79	1	22
4..	0	15	0	1	26..	2	81	0	22
5..	2	17	1	2	27..	1	82	1	23
6..	3	20	0	2	28..	2	84	0	23
7..	0	20	0	2	29..	1	85	1	24
8..	3	23	0	2	30..	0	85	0	24
9..	4	27	0	2	31..	2	87	0	24
10..	0	27	0	2	32..	0	87	4	28
11..	2	29	0	2	33..	0	87	0	28
12..	0	29	1	3	34..	1	88	3	31
13..	1	30	0	3	35..	0	89	0	31
14..	1	31	1	4	36..	0	88	0	31
15..	2	33	0	4	37..	0	88	0	31
16..	6	39	0	4	38..	2	90	0	31
17..	14	53	2	6	39..	1	91	2	33
18..	3	56	0	6	40..	1	92	5	38
19..	8	59	4	10	41..	5	97	1	39
20..	9	68	8	18	42..	0	97	0	39
21..	1	69	6	19	43..	1	98	0	39
22..	0	69	2	21	44..	2	100		

Owing to the Union meeting, the exhibition of the French knight of the cue, M. Berger, was not so well attended on the 13th as heretofore. In the afternoon he played a discount game with a distinguished Philadelphia amateur, when the latter scored but 21 to Berger's 121. In the evening, Berger played a discount game with another amateur, when the game closed at 142 for Berger, and 42 for his opponent. M. Berger's fancy shots, on this occasion, as usual, were executed with wonderful success and consummate skill, and the gentlemen present, by unmistakable evidences, exhibited their delight and appreciation of the novelty, in addition to the art contained in this scientific game.

SHAKER.

FOOT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—The long anticipated race between James Forbes, of Yuba county, and Daniel Carr, the "Jersey Boy," took place at the Pioneer Course, San Francisco, on the 10th ult., and resulted in the victory of Forbes. The race was for $1,000 a side, 100 yards out. The betting was greatly in favor of Forbes, his backers posting 100 to 70, which was but little taken. There was a great deal of wrangling about the method of starting, but finally it was decided to start at the word. As the men paced off their tracks, Forbes was carrying his head up like a Heenan, while Carr paced along slowly and thoughtfully. It was evident that if Forbes was beaten, it would not be for want of confidence in his own powers. After several false starts, amid such a dense fog that they could not see the outcome, they moved up, Forbes well in the lead, and Carr scarcely off a walk, when the word was given—"Go"—and Forbes came on like a scared wolf, while Carr was hardly running. At forty yards, however, the boys were both moving lively, but Carr's chances were gone. Just as Forbes neared the outcome, a man fell into his track and was knocked down, Forbes running clear over him and winning the race by eight feet. All side bets were immediately paid over, but the main stakes are held in dispute. They are both splendidly formed men and fast as bullets. Conspicuous in the crowd was the well known and formidable pedestrian, Pedro Selaya, who is matched against Jim Forbes, to run 100 yards for $5,000, at San Jose, on Christmas Day. It was amusing to watch Selaya's face as he eyed Forbes' movements, speculating upon the forthcoming contest. He is a perfect burricane and Forbes will meet "a foeman worthy of his steel." Who shall be the victor?

COCKING MATCH IN CANADA.—A well-contested cock fight took place in London, C. W., on the 29th ult., between a black breasted red, 5 lb. 7 oz., belonging to Mr Harkness, and a brown red Clipper, 5 lb 8 oz., from Media, the property of Mr. Wood. After a very hard battle, lasting 10 minutes, the black red was pronounced the victor. The handlers were Messrs. Odell and Dickey.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone in the chair. 35-tf

JOHNNY AARON has opened a Sparring School at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, where he has every facility for, and is prepared to instruct gentlemen in the art of self defence, on reasonable terms. Gentlemen can be waited on at any hour during the day or evening. Call and see, and judge of his abilities. 28 4t

JAMES MASSEY, (late of London,) No 282½ Bowery, near Houston street, New York. Foreign and domestic newspapers taken regularly. FREE and EASY every Monday and Saturday evenings. 39-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

"IVY GREEN," 80 PRINCE STREET, two doors east of Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. The best of Old Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, of direct importation, to be had at the Bar. Files of the CLIPPER, Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, and Bell's Life in London constantly on hand. House open day and night.

JOHN FLYNN, Proprietor.

Drop in and have a chat with John. 34-tf

A MILL IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—A prize fight took place on the morning of the 10th inst. in the rear of the Accabee, about seven miles from Charleston, between two men named Butcher and Sullivan, for one hundred dollars a side. They fought 66 rounds in one hour and twenty minutes, at the end of which the second of Sullivan threw up the sponge, and Butcher was claimed the victor. Both men are said to have been dreadfully punished. The attendance was small, as it had to be carried on in a very private manner.

THE RING IN AURORA, N. Y.—On the 11th inst., we hear, a battle came off in the above place, between G. William Wood and James Stevenson, both natives of the country whose "rich brogue" the veteran Scott admired. Neither is what is called of the "profession," although Wood has been once engaged as principal in England, when he was successful; while Stevenson has fought twice—once in England, and once on this side of the water. In the former event, it was a "draw;" in the latter, he beat his man in half an hour. Both men were pretty even in *physique* and weight—Stevenson having a slight advantage in ponderosity. The fight we have to notice lasted forty-five minutes, and consisted of six rounds. In the first, there was no particular advantage for either man. In the second and fifth, the tally told for Wood, who also claimed "first blood." Rounds three, four, and six were all on the side of Stevenson, for whom victory was ultimately declared. We understand that Wood intends challenging Stevenson to another *tournament* at knuckles, and that, if his gage is accepted, both men will go into active training.

A BATTLE FOR A "CENTURY," NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.—A few days since a display of the "manly art" came off about seven miles from the above locality—the combatants being Henry Sullivan, of New York, and John Williams, of Charleston, and the stakes $100 a side. A great disparity, we hear, was perceptible in the combatants—Sullivan looking like a live lion, while Williams' aspect was pale and woe-begone. The battle lasted one hour and forty-five minutes, and went through sixty-two rounds, with varying advantage—the sponge being ultimately thrown up in Sullivan's corner, he not answering to the call of "time." It is said that another fight for $100 a side, will come off near the above place, on the 12th of January, between John Garroner and Pat Flannerly.

THE TIPPERARY PET.—FRIEND QUEEN.—I wish to inform the public through the columns of your paper, that one Thomas Duggin, or the "Tipperary Pet," (as he calls himself,) is on a sparring tour. He was at my rooms, the other day, and got a lesson, and paid for it. I wish to state—he has no knowledge of boxing whatever. I think it is not right for men like him to impose on the public, to the injury of pugilists in general. Yours, &c.,

HARRY FINEGASS.

6 Mason street, Boston, December 15, 1860.

SPARRING.

GIVE HIM A GOOD ONE.—Denny Horrigan, one of the gamest bantams of the P. R., and who has fought some good battles both in England and America, intends withdrawing from the arena, and entering into some other business. To enable him to do this, his friends have tendered him a benefit in the shape of a sparring exhibition, to take place at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street, on Christmas 'eve, 24th inst., when a score or more of our best boxers, whose names are on the bills, will be on hand to assist. Beneath their names, is the following paragraph:—"The public may rest assured that there will be no disappointment, as the above men are determined to assist the hero of so many hard fought battles." We hope these friends will stick to their determination, as there are few who so well deserve a benefit, and we hope it will be one indeed, such an one as shall in some measure, reward him who is now about to close an honorable, though perhaps unfortunate career. Give the gallant little Denny a good one. The tickets are only 25 cents. Sparring commences at 8 P. M. Denny gives the wind-up with Billy Clark, his late antagonist, which will prove no mean feature of the entertainment.

HEENAN STILL ON HIS TRAVELS, &c.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 12, 1860. FRIEND QUEEN: The Benicia Boy left to-day with his party for Terre Haute, Ind. After resting here, to recover from the injury to his left arm—before alluded to—there was a little misunderstanding, and Jones left them; but now, everything being squared, he has re-joined the party. Last night, by way of a wind-up, Fred. Whitehead took a sparring benefit, at the Bowery Saloon, or Concert Hall, and never having paid it a visit, I thought it a good opportunity to look in. The "b'hoys" were out in force, and the Hall crammed. Singing, dancing, &c., went on for some time, but the event of the night coming on, great expectation was excited. The posters announced Jones, Price and Perkins to spar on the occasion, and John Heenan was to be present. After two very indifferent sets-to, the wind-up was announced between Perkins and Whitehead, and an excellent display it was; and Fred., though overmatched in weight and length, did himself great credit. This being over, Heenan, after repeated calls, stepped upon the stage, and regretted his lame arm, &c., and begged to be excused. Then came the call for Price, who, with his good natured smile, quickly showed out, and "lamented," &c., &c., "couldn't spar," &c., but he had got "two lame arms." After another turbulent burst, Aaron Jones was called, and he came forward, was "verry sorry, &c., to disappoint," &c., but he'd got such a "bad cold" that he couldn't set-to. Finding that they had been slightly "sold," some of the "b'hoys" got rather uproarous, but a well timed call for Whitehead caused a diversion, and Fred. was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Being a better sparrer than speaker, he was a little taken aback at first, but recovering himself, returned thanks, and so the affair ended as far as the sparring was concerned. It being 10 o'clock we concluded to slope homeward, though the evening's entertainments were not over. Amongst those who belong to the Bowery Saloon I must not forget to mention Ben Wheeler, who, with his Irish songs and jigs, gave me a most agreeable surprise. He's smart, and no mistake.... Mary McVicker opened at the St. Louis Theatre on Monday; and Thiodon did ditto at Wyman's Hall; business very moderate.... Mrs. Anna Cowell, wife of the manager of the St. Louis Theatre (formerly Miss Anna Cruise), a very talented comedienne, returns to her engagements in Philadelphia not very well pleased that the St. Louis folks can't appreciate her refined and high comedy; indeed, to tell the truth, the taste does not run that way; but that's not my affair. Adieu, A VETERAN.

Another correspondent, writing from Terre Haute, on the 3d inst., thus takes up the story of the "Boy's" travels:—Since leaving Chicago, we have visited few places; we showed in Peoria to a full house, and the same in Springfield, Ill. At St. Louis we showed two nights in the theatre to packed audiences, assisted by a number of the resident artists, amongst whom Johnny Roberts and Whitehead shone very prominently. The exhibitions were a success, and everybody seemed delighted. After everything was over, our commander-in-chief announced his intentions of giving us a week's furlough. A week's rest! my conscience! after the incessant travel we had been through, it seemed an age of quiet! Grim visaged war has smothed his wrinkled front, and our bruised arms got rubbed with volatile liniment; and we set about getting ourselves in general good order for our next campaign. On Monday last, Johnny Roberts had a benefit, which was very well attended, and on Tuesday, Whitehead had one at the Bowery, which was full. King, the great pigeon shot, won a match against another crack shot of St. Louis. Aaron Jones trapped King's birds, and the other man trapped for himself. Not much excitement or much betting; the people seeming to anticipate the result. Sam Cowell has just left St. Louis, where he played one week, but did not do so well as he expected. We left St. Louis last evening to the infinite regret of ourselves and our Missourian friends. Jones is inconsolable, and declares he will go back and give his name to somebody, and all the time we have been riding to Terre Haute he has been whistling "The girl I left behind me," to the great annoyance of everybody in the cars. We show in Terre Haute to-night, an account of which I will give in my next. CHANTICLEER.

PHILADELPHIA SKATING CLUB MEETING.—At a stated meeting of the Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society, held at the Washington House, on Wednesday evening Dec. 12, the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Franklin Peale; Vice President, Conrad B Andress; Treasurer, James Sullender; Secretary, E. D. Yates; Corresponding Secretary, Washington L. Germon; Executive Committee, Alex. E. Harvey, Wm. F. Van Hook, E. W. Bushnell, James Sullender, E. D. Yates; Board of Surgeons, Wm. H. Taggart, M. D; John H. Brinton, M. D; J. P. Borias, Ky., M. D.; Charles S. Boker, M. D.; John K. Kane, M. D.; Solicitor, David W. Sellers.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Dec. 11, 1860.—Morgan and Richards—Morgan staking £15 to £10—Sheffield District.

Jan. 1, 1861.—Baker and Newton—£15 a side, left open for £25 a side—Home Circuit.

15, 1861.—Reardon and Shipp—£50 a side, Bristol.

From late London and other Foreign Journals to Dec. 23.

GALLANT AND DETERMINED FIGHT,

FOR ONE HUNDRED SOVS,

BETWEEN THE BIG 'UNS,

YOUNG KING AND TOM TRUCKLE.

Tuesday, November 27, 1860.

The long pending match between young King, Jem Ward's big 'un, and Tom Truckle, of Portsmouth, for £100, at catch weight, came off yesterday in the Home Circuit, according to articles. Notwithstanding the fact that the winner was expected to prove a rising candidate for the Championship, there was hardly the average amount of interest excited by the event, which arose, in a great measure, from the fact of the men being novices; although both have previously contested with great success in various off-handed turn-ups. Both men came to the present match with good characters for resolution, cleverness, and strength, as well as most of the requisites for boxers. We append all that can be learned about each man and his antecedents.—Thomas King was born on August 14, 1835, in Silver street, Stepney, and is in height 5 ft. 2¼ inch. in his stocking feet, and in his present fighting condition weighs 12st. 12 lb. Before he had a thought of ever entering into the pugilistic circles, he had sailed a voyage to Africa as a sailor before the mast, on his return from which he worked at the Victoria Docks as the foreman of the shipping works, during which time he fought two or three off-hand battles for small amounts, as well as to settle some differences which had arisen between himself and his antagonists; in these encounters he displayed qualities which at length reached the ears of Jem Ward, who at once made enquiries after him. Before Ward could find King, the latter had another turn-up with a pretendant, who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of Brighton Bill, but who soon retired into obscurity, as Young King was declared the victor in one round. The required interview having taken place between Jem Ward and King, the latter, under the mentorship of Ward, was matched with Jack Smith, of Portsmouth, for £25 a side, who forfeited at the second deposit. He was then matched with Clamp, of Newgate market, for £25 a side, with the same result. This induced King to send forth a challenge to fight any man in England for £50 a side, which met with no reponse, and a challenge for the larger sum of £100 a side shared the same fate. The present match arose from the fact of Truckle, of Portsmouth, having challenged several heavy weights amongst the London division who had retired from the ring, viz.: Bandoff, Simms, &c., and on the men meeting at Brighton Races, Truckle threw down the gauntlet to the young one to fight for £50 a side, which was at once accepted. King, in the early stage of the match, was on the point of forfeiting more than once, in consequence of the remissness of his backer, until at length a gentleman of high standing on the turf took him in hand, in conjunction with Mr. Richardson and Tyler. From this time the match went on swimmingly, and the deposits as they became due, were posted in the hands of the final stakeholder. As soon as forty pounds a side had been staked, King went into training at Mr. Lyon's, the White Hart, Air-street, Romford, under the watchful eye of the well-known trainer, Geo. Woody, who, by assiduous care and attention, reduced him from 14st 10lb to the present weight, viz.: 12st 12lb, and he was certainly placed in the ring in a beautiful condition. His colors were a handsome handkerchief, with a Magenta ground, a green border, and green diamonds in a square. He took his departure from Bos Tyler's, who had done all in his power to pull him through. Thomas Truckle was born at Portsmouth in 1836, stands 5ft 10½in, in his stocking feet, and on this occasion weighed 11st 6lb, is a hawker by occupation. There is no record of his performances, although he has beaten several good rough ones in casual turns-up, until, in 1857, he met Jack Smith, of Portsmouth, for a purse of £10, which, after a gallant contest of two hours and twenty-five minutes, during which time above 100 rounds were fought, ended in a draw, both having fought themselves to a stand-still. He then came to London, and not being able to get on a job to his liking, he returned to Portsmouth; and George Baker, of Chatham, taking up his quarters there, he, thinking there were some sterling qualities which required development, advised him to send challenges to some of the London big ones, which he did, challenging Bandoff, Simms, Jack Smith (his old opponent,) Ball, and others, without a response. Having met King at Brighton races, where Baker had a booth, some chaff took place, and counter-challenges were given, which induced Baker and his friends to send up £5 to the stakeholder to make the match with King for £50 a side, to come off in the Home Circuit. As soon as the match was fairly under weigh, Truckle went into training at Waterloo, near Portsmouth, under the watchful eye of George Baker, who brought him from 13st down to 11st 6 lb; at which we have no doubt he was much under the proper weight as the result of the fight proved. Truckle is much respected in Portsmouth and vicinity, and, in fact, throughout all Hampshire, for his quiet and well-behaved demeanor. On this occasion he started from Mr. Tupper's, Greyhound Inn, Webber-row, Waterloo-road, and had for his colors a black handkerchief with a puce and gold border, and a puce and gold cross bar.

An early morning trip was arranged from a place which for years has not been patronised, and after a short trip by rail, a change was made for the water; the conveyance down which (a tug) was reached by means of small boats, after some scrambling and swearing from the victims. At length, after much exertion on all sides, everybody was safely got on board, and the vessel started on her way to the scene of action. During the trip the men were comfortably ensconsed in "bunks" on board. Truckle in the head of the vessel and Young King in the after cabin, where his *levee* was most numerously attended by the *elite* of the East-end. The men, as the vessel approached the supposed scene of action, commenced their preparatory toilets, their bodies well rubbed and sponged, and the strengthening plasters applied, as well as the last piece of advice from the respective trainers administered. At length the signal for stopping was given, and the fleet of row-boats which had been towing astern, swarmed round to take the adventurous individuals who were evidently seeking excitement under difficulties. The ropes and stakes were first landed with the commissary and assistants, who after slipping and sliding sufficiently to satisfy any three reasonable steeple chase riders, chose a spot close to the late scene of action between Norton and Macarthy. Orders were then given for a move to the scene of action, and the watermen's harvest began in earnest. Notwithstanding all the growls there was only one alternative, which was, in familiar language, "to part." That interesting ceremony having been gone through, the journey up and down the slippery banks commenced, and by good fortune each and all arrived at the ring side safely (a ducking or two knee deep of course not being reckoned). The flushing touch having been put to the magic arena, Young King was the first to throw in his chip, which example was quickly followed by Truckle. On the men entering the ring they were immediately followed by their trainers, viz., King by the sporting Boniface "of the East," and Jem Mace, the candidate for the Championship of England; while Truckle was attended to by Bob Travers and Walker, of Stoney Stratford. King, who had completed his preparations long before his opponent, was carefully covered by a rug, &c., during the time that Truckle was endeavoring to pull on his boots, which were rather too small. This difficulty being at length overcome, the men peeled for action. As they stripped off their under-shirts, the appearance of both men was eagerly scanned by their partizans, and, to our fancy, King looked the picture of a pugilist, as he had, without doubt, all the characteristics of one; and, that he was in admirable condition, was generally acknowledged. Truckle, when he stripped, looked even small at his weight, and was evidently without the bloom of thorough condition, which was so striking in King's appearance. As they walked to the mark to shake hands, the disparity in size was more evident than heretofore, King standing at least four inches above his opponent, and besides being much longer in the reach, &c. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, at 10:12 A. M. the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On stripping, King looked the pink of condition, and stood much over his antagonist, who, in our opinion, looked trained too fine. On putting themselves into attitude, King stood much over Truckle, and his position was most artistic. Truckle stood with his left well out, and the right covering the mark. Both were anxious to get to work. After a few offers on each side, they looked at each other, put their hands down, and walked away. At length Truckle let go his left at King's boko, which drew the carmine. King returned on the ribs, and Truckle got down. [First blood for Truckle.]

2. Each sparred for an opening. Truckle feinted to draw the little 'un," but it was no go, for he got a rib-bender for his pains from King's left doke. Truckle, in trying to get back, slipped, but recovering himself, closed, and King fought his man right out of the ropes in his own corner.

3. As yet there was no mischief done on either side, and on coming up the combatants eyed each other, with confident expressions on their mugs. They sparred and manœuvred a bit, each trying to find the weak point of his adversary. Truckle broke ground, King followed him, and Truckle led off with his left at King's drinking fountain, but was short. King returned on the brain-pan with his dexter fin, and the Portsmouth hero got down.

4. On coming up to the call of time, Truckle's left daylight was flushed. After some pretty sparring, Truckle made an offer with his left, which was neatly stopped by King, who in return let go both hands as straight as a dart, paying a visit to Truckle's scent-detector and kisser, drawing the home-brewed. Again he invested a most terrific bit with his right on Truckle's left sound-catcher, and bored Truckle down.

5. Truckle came up sucking in the carmine, which was distilling from his nasal promontory and kissing machine. Some little sparring took place for advantage of place, the sun shining brightly. They, however, soon got together, Truckle leading off, and getting his left on to King's nut-cracker, which compliment the "big un" returned by a "hot 'un" on the left listener, splitting it, and belching forth copious supplies of cochineal, and Truckle got to his mother earth in a hurry.

6. Truckle up first to the call of time, and led off out of distance. King, without loss of time, returned with right and right on the chest and jaw, and Truckle got down on both hands and one knee, and looked up laughingly at King, evidently trying for a foul, but King withheld his hand, and walked away to his corner.

7. Was very short. King, as soon as he found his man, let drive with both hands, which alighted heavily on Truckle's jaw and snorer. On King coming again, Truckle got down to avoid.

8. The men, after a short spar, rushed to a close, when King caught his man round the waist, and fell heavily on him.

9. Both up together, when King again ducked his head, by which he avoided Truckle's left, rushed to a close, during which he administered some rib roasters with his right, and finished up by throwing his man heavily by the back heave, and fell on him. Up to this time the men had been fighting very fast.

10. Both spry as mountain goats, King anxious to get to work, went to his man, and after a slight exchange Truckle got down to avoid, King standing over him.

11. King seemed determined not to let his antagonist rest, for as soon as time was called he went across the ring, and immediately he got within distance, let go both mawleys on the "os frontis," and Truckle got down at the ropes.

12. Truckle led off, and got on to King's left peeper with his left, King directly closed, and tried to get the hug on, but Truckle slipped through and got down—17 minutes had now elapsed.

13. King's left came in contact with the side of Truckle's knowledge box, he followed it up with the right on the forehead. Truckle, in trying to get away from another visitation slipped, and fell with his head between King's legs.

14. Truckle short with his left, when King slung his right mawley round on Truckle's left ear, they both closed, and in the struggle for the fall, fell side by side. This was the the first time during the fight that King had been on the ground.

16. Truckle feinted with his left, but it was no go, for King stepped on to him, delivered his left on the head, and Truckle got down. An appeal was made to the referee on the ground that Truckle had gone down without a blow, but the flat was—"Fight on."

16. Good counters, King on the side of the brain holder with the right, and the left on the eyebrow, fetching more of the ruby; Truckle on the forehead, raising a bump; they closed, and King forced his man down. (Cries of "Police.")

17. King got the left on to Truckle's head, Truckle closed, and after a few exchanges at close quarters, Truckle got down.

18. King up first. Truckle sparring, led off with the left, but was short. King ducked, got with the right on the ribs, and fought Truckle down.

19. King with the left on the mark, and on the jaw with the right, and Truckle went down, and looked up as if hoping for a foul.

20. King got on under the left daylight with the left, and with the right on the ribs; a close and both down, Truckle under.

21. King got on Truckle's left eye with the left, again turning on the tap, and some good exchanges took place in favor of King, who got on his man heavily, and Truckle got down. (Another appeal).

22. King came up with a bump under the left eye; Truckle bleeding from the forehead and under the left eye. King hit Truckle on the back of the head with the left; and Truckle got in a little one on the ribs, and got down; King stooping and speaking to him.

23. King on Truckle's nose; Truckle on the ribs. This led to a close, in which King got on the hug, and in holding, his opponent slipped down, the back of his head coming in violent contact with the ground. Time, 33 minutes.

24. King as soon as he was up forced the fighting, and bored Truckle down in his own corner.

25. Truckle came up, and got on to King's nose slightly; King, in return, delivered on the right eye, and closing, got on the hug, and threw Truckle by the outside heave.

26. In this round there was no blow struck, as Truckle's left went over King's head as he ducked. King then closed, and after a struggle, threw Truckle a fine cross buttock, and rolled over him.

27. As they stood facing each other King led off, but was short, and rushing to a close, wild exchanges took place. As they closed King lowered his head, and met Truckle full butt with it, and opened the old cut on the eyebrow, and both were down.

28. Truckle came up with the ruby trickling from the wound over his eye; he led off short with the left, King in return got on the left straight on the mouth, and the left on the old spot over the eye, and Truckle got down.

29. King, as soon as he faced his man, got twice on the forehead with the left, and Truckle got down. Another appeal, but fight on was the order.

30 to 35. These rounds were all of the same character, King delivering both hands as soon as within distance, and Truckle getting down each time to avoid punishment, amidst loud cries of "foul" and "take him away." The fight now seemed virtually over, for Truckle, who had for some time been receiver-general, was getting very weak and all abroad.

36. King again got on the old spot over the left eye. Truckle closed, and during the close King administered some pepper on the right ear, and threw his man.

37 to 40 were all of the same description, King repeatedly getting on with both hands, and Truckle getting down, and endless appeals were made to the referee, who to each said fight on.

41. Truckle came up game as a pebble, and tried to lead off, but was short; King countered him sharply on the ivories, drawing another cork of the Chateau Margeaux, repeated the dose with his right, sending Truckle to grass as if he was shot.

42. King led off with the right on the ribs a "hot 'un," and again on the jaw with the same hand, and Truckle got down.

43. Truckle again short with his left; King on the jaw twice, and chopped Truckle down.

44. King strong, Truckle very weak; and on King getting on with his left, Truckle got down suspiciously.

45. King came up strong, and when within distance, at once let go his left, and knocked down Truckle. Time, 58 minutes.

46. King, as soon as he got in front of his man, led off with the left, and knocked him down again.

47. King forced the fighting by delivering his left on the nose, which brought the ruby, and received a little one on the forehead, and Truckle got down.

48. King on the nose again with his left, and on the jaw with his right, and sent Truckle to grass.

49 and last. King rushed to his man, delivered his right heavily on the ribs, which brought Truckle forward, and in doing so he ducked his own head, and the consequence was that it came in violent collision with Truckle's head, and cut a gash on the top of it; this sent Truckle to mother earth, and George Mathieson, of Portsmouth, one of Truckle's backers, seeing that to prolong the contest would be only subjecting him to further punishment without a chance of winning, very judiciously and humanely stepped into the ring and threw up the sponge, and King was hailed the winner after a contest of one hour and two minutes.

REMARKS.

For novices, these men acquitted themselves in a first-rate manner. King is one of the finest made young fellows it has been our lot to witness for some time. He is, in our opinion, a much neater made man than Heenan, not being so clumsily made below the knee; he also stands in a better position, and we think that, were they to meet, he would give a good account of that gentleman. He does not use his left in leading off with that facility as old and practised pugilists do, but that is a fault that we have no doubt he will soon mend, and then we do not know where he is to find his master. Throughout the above fight, he behaved in a most manly manner, avoiding to fall on his antagonist several times when he clearly had the right to do so.

Truckle, as a scientific man, has no pretensions; and we can only say that, from the commencement of the battle to the finish, he tried his utmost to turn the tide in his favor, but it could be seen from the first round that he was out-matched, not only in length and weight, but in science also. The manner in which he fought must have satisfied all his friends, and we hope that so thoroughly game and straightforward a fellow as he proved himself will be paid for his colors by all who took them. A subscription was made for him on the ground as a salve for his wound.

POSH PRICE AND JACK PARKINSON.

GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE BIRMINGHAM FANCY.

We are sorry to record that such was the case, as from two to three hundred persons took their tickets from New-street Station, on Monday morning last, to the place appointed, to see the difference between Posh Price and Jack Parkinson, both of Birmingham, for £10 a side, the former having been under the care of Mr. Harrison, and the latter under the celebrated Bob Brettle. Some considerable excitement took place as the day approached, and on Sunday evening the smoke room of the White Swan, Upper Priory, was crowded by parties who wished to know the whereabouts, and the different claims of the men to their support, which was freely given. Price appeared to be the favorite in the betting, five to four being laid freely on him. At the appointed time—as we have stated above—the landlord took his seat, faced by a number of friends. After twenty minutes' walk to the place appointed, ropes and stakes were pitched, the ring cleared, and Price first made his appearance, but Parkinson was not there.

After waiting some little time, however, Jack appeared, and threw his castor in the ring. Price did not give him long to wait, but followed suit, each man doffing his emblem of daring amidst the applause of their partizans; then came the choice of referee, and we are sorry to record that the principal backer of Parkinson would not agree to men whose position in life render them perfectly competent to act as impartially and as independently as himself. Parkinson himself is without blame, inasmuch as he appeared not only willing, but "anxious" to fight; but his backer refused to the several gentlemen selected. For instance, Mr. ——, a well-known Birmingham inn keeper, gave up a bet, and, after repeated solicitations, consented to stand as referee; but even he, and half a dozen others selected, were objected to by Parkinson's backer, who in one case accompanied the refusal by an uncalled-for and base insinuation. Here the matter rests, and we much regret the affair was so mulled.

TOM PADDOCK'S BENEFIT AT THE ROTUNDA.

On Monday night the benefit which was given by several of his old and staunch supporters, took place at the Rotunda, Blackfriar's road, to console Tom Paddock for the defeat that he had suffered from the hands of the present Champion, Sam Hurst, which defeat they assert was purely accidental. Whether accidental or not Tom was disabled and obliged to undergo medical treatment, and from that fact a benefit was mooted a question which was carried *nem. con.* All the arrangement of the whereabouts, &c., having been completed, the principal features of the evening's sport was the next point to be managed, and every man of note in the Prize Ring, whether a member of the Association or not, was applied to, and in every instance an answer in the affirmative was given.

Our English Champion, Sayers, stated privately that he would be in attendance to assist Paddock, if he even had to travel a hundred miles, which assertion he reiterated publicly at the benefit of Welsh and Brown, before the multitude there assembled; this promise, we are sorry to state, was broken, Sayers, instead of appearing having sent a telegraphic message from Northampton to the effect that it would be impossible for him to be in time. There were a few growls, both loud and deep, at this, and when Mace was called for, another scene of confusion arose, which was continued for some time, as no valid reason was given for his absence, and Noon, who had attended for the express purpose of meeting the Norwich middle-weight champion, expressed his disgust, and refused to spar with any one else.

The wind up was between Ould Nat Langham and Young Broome, and during their play, notwithstanding the anger previously expressed by the assembled company, the "ould 'un" was loudly cheered, and sent all the company home, if not highly gratified, at least satisfied. The benefit was a bumper, in every sense of the word; and although we missed a few familiar faces the names of the many who did attend, and amongst whom we recognised the following, we trust will atone, viz.:—Nat Langham, Jemmy Welsh, Geo. Brown, Bob Travers, Jack Grant, Jemmy Shaw, Young King, Tommy Truckle, Bos Tyler, Jerry Noon, Ned Donnelly, and several other celebrities too numerous to mention.

Amongst the upper ten thousand who were distributed over the house we had great pleasure in recognizing more than one well-remembered face, and although they were disappointed at the non-attendance of Sayers, they, with one accord, declared Paddock not guilty. Eight o'clock in the evening was the hour named for the first couple to commence operations, and before that time the house began to get well filled, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, and with a praiseworthy regard to time, Jack Hamilton, who was master of the ceremonies, announced the first pair to the company, which were Mike Larkins and Jack Murphy, who made an equal set to of four rounds, during which some severe blows were given and received in true gladiatorial style.

Young Hawkes and young Morris were the next couple, and a very close and equal contest was the result, as the lads were equally matched; and after having a regular glove encounter of five rounds, which were in favor of Hawkes, the lads shook hands amidst loud applause. The M. C. next introduced Dooney Harris, the late antagonist of Dillon, who donned the mittens with Bob Webb. This was a very equally balanced affair, in which give and take was the order of the day, so much so that both were most vociferously cheered.

George Brown's Black and Denny Sullivan next made their appearance, and nothing remarkable was noticed, if we except the evident intention of Sullivan to floor the Black, in which charitable intention he failed.

Gillam, of Brighton, and Young Drewe were the next pair, and a very pretty show of science took place, chiefly in favor of Gillam. Both were, however, loudly cheered at the conclusion.

Two novices of the names of Rooke and Garey made a good spar of rather more than average merit, which assisted to keep the company in good humor until the arrival of some of the great guns.

George Henley and Hawkes, of Birmingham, as usual, made a very good set to, in which some very good cross-counters and counter-hitting took place, and on their retiring, they left behind a very favorable impression on the spectators.

Lennard and Chapman next delighted the assembled crowd with a slogging affair of five rounds, in which hard punching took the place of science, and after fighting themselves to a stand still, they were parted.

Smith, the Brighton Doctor, and Brookes, of Norwich, were the next couple, and, although the science displayed was only moderate, yet it was refreshing to witness after the latter punching affair, and the bout ended a little in favor of Brookes.

Nat Langham's Black Diamond had a good bout with the veteran Smith, who got *ribd* because he could not get on his favorite left on the darkie with impunity; he, however, had a little the best at the finish.

The M. C. next announced J. Grant, once the champion of the middle weights, and the renowned second and pugilist Jemmy Welsh, in which it was patent to all that Welsh was not doing his best, but leaning to his old *protege*; however, for *Ould Lang Syne* the pair at the conclusion were loudly cheered.

Two bantams, Harkey and Skipper, of Norwich, next stepped forward, and failed to amuse the company to any extent, as it was obvious that Harkey was not doing his best, and of course the master of the ceremonies soon put a stop to the farce after a short round or two in which Harkey was most effective. Hill, of Chelsea, and Dillon, made a very merry bout, in which Jack was as good as his master, and on their finishing, with a good rally, they brought down the applause of the house.

The elastic potboy, Job Cobley, and Bob Travers, displayed their science for a few rounds, in which Job Cobley tried to steal a march once or twice on Master Bob, who was always at home and wide awake, and their set-to ended in a good sharp bout of in-fighting, which met with the applause it fairly merited.

At this portion of the amusements the M.C. stepped forward, and announced, to the astonishment of all, that Sayers had sent a telegraphic message from Northampton apologising for his absence; but this was not received with a good grace. Tom Paddock, however, was exonerated from all blame, the promise given by Sayers the Monday previous being well remembered by all. Jem Mace was next called for, but he, too, was found to be absent, and for some time a scene of confusion took place in which nearly all were talkers, and in some instances violence was hinted at. Nat Langham, however, came to the rescue, and said, that as Sayers had not come *to spar with him*, he was ready to set to with any one. This for some time met with no response, until it reached the ears of Young Broome, who, to save appearances, as he said, would try, and a very creditable appearance he made, evidently not his first one in the same character. After a few rounds in which Young Broome took the lookers on by surprise with his unexpected cleverness, he once or twice got fairly on to the only victor of Tom Sayers.

At the conclusion of the set-to, Nat was thanked by the gentlemen for the treat that he had afforded them. The M. C. then brought forward Tom Paddock, and in a short but neat speech returned thanks for the support which had been accorded, and at the same time expressed his sorrow for all shortcomings. Tom Truckle and Young King both showed, according to promise, and certainly looked remarkably well, King, if anything, the brighter of the two, although suffering under the effects of a slight cold. After staying in the house a few minutes the men retired home to prepare for their encounter of the morrow. The setting to was, to a certain extent, more than passable, but there was no talent displayed equal to that shown at Welsh and Brown's benefit, and in which instance there was not a single deserter; nevertheless, what failings off there were did not rest with the *beneficiaire*, but in a great measure to the number of benefits announced to take place the same evening. The company dispersed in peace and quietness, though, perhaps, not delighted with the evening's entertainment. The arrangements of the lessee were, as usual, first-rate, there not being a single hitch in his department.

MACE AND BENJAMIN MATCHED FOR £100 A SIDE.

Late yesterday afternoon a gentleman called upon us stating that he had come to town for the express purpose of matching Bill Benjamin against Mace for £100. At first we had little faith in this offer, but in the course of last night the gentleman appeared, in company with Jem Mace and his principal backer, and in our presence the following articles were drawn up and signed, £50 a side being deposited by cheque in our hands:—

THE ARTICLES

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into, this 37th day of November, 1860, between Bill Benjamin, of Chepstow, and Jem Mace, of Norwich. The said Bill Benjamin agrees to fight Jem Mace a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules, by which the said Billy Benjamin and Jem Mace hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for £500 a side, and shall take place on Tuesday, March 5, 1861, within one hundred miles of London. In pursuance of this agreement £50 a side are now deposited in the hands of the Editor of the *Sporting Life*, who shall be the final stakeholder. The second deposit of £50 a side shall be made at the house of Bill Richardson, the Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch, on Tuesday, December 6; and the third deposit of £50 a side, to be made at Jem Ward's, the King's Arms, Whitechapel. The date of the remaining deposits and the place, to be duly announced in the *Sporting Life*; the said deposits to be made between the hours of eight and ten in the evening, and forwarded to the final stakeholder. Either party failing to make good their deposit on the day named, to forfeit the money down. Two umpires and a referee to be chosen on the ground. That in the event of any magisterial interference the referee shall decide the next time and place of meeting. The stakes to be given up at whatever house the winning man may choose, and not to be given up until fairly lost and won. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

[Here follow signatures of the backers and witnesses.]

For some little time it has been reported in pugilistic circles that Benjamin, who twice fought Sayers, was anxious for a match, and, according to Mr. Richardson's statement, the gentleman who represented Benjamin's interest, appeared most anxious to make the match, and had called upon Mace's friend on the previous night, and made an appointment for Tuesday morning, which, from an accidental cause, Mr. Richardson was unable to keep. We shall be enabled to publish on Saturday, further particulars of this extraordinary match. Benjamin's backer declares that he will present the whole of the stakes to the winner.—*Sporting Life, Nov.* 28.

POVEY OF TIPTON AND BUXTON OF DUDLEY PORT.

It will be recollected that these midland district men were to have fought at catch weight three weeks back, but were interrupted by the authorities. The fight was therefore adjourned till Tuesday last, and the stakes were increased to £20 a side. The men, with their seconds, met at an early hour at Hednesford, and a ring was quickly pitched. A referee was at once agreed upon, and the men commenced operations, and give and take was the order of the day. The first half hour's fighting was pretty equally balanced. In the twentieth round the first knock down blow was gained by Povey by a cross counter. The police soon after made their appearance, and the referee vanished and was seen no more. In spite of the police the fight continued, each man receiving his quantum of punishment unflinchingly. Povey had his right ogle closed, but otherwise was not much damaged, and Buxton had visible signs of Povey's handiwork on his ribs and neb. The fight continued for one hour and thirty five minutes, when Povey, after a slight round, got down, and when down, Buxton kicked him in the ribs. Povey's backers immediately called "foul" (the men had been fighting for the last hour without a referee,) and withdrew their man, claiming the stakes. Our decision has been asked on the subject. It is a very simple case. The police having interfered the referee did quite right in leaving the ring. The battle was at an end directly he retired, and all that took place subsequently goes for nothing.—*Bell's Life, Dec* 2.

YOUNG BURKE AND WALKER.

These men met on Monday last, at Knowle, about three miles and a half from Bristol, for £5 a side. Burke was waited upon by J. Williams and P. Millard, and Ted Lake and S. Enighty did the needful for Walker. There was a great discrepancy in the men on stripping. Walker was at least 14 lb. the heavier, and nearly an inch and a half taller. Notwithstanding this drawback, Burke was the favorite at guineas to pounds. The men entered the ring at eleven minutes after eight A. M., and one of the best fights ever witnessed in the West of England was the result. After fighting forty minutes, the blues made their unwelcome appearance, and a move to the adjoining county of Gloucester was made, where the men again entered the ring. Another rattling mill of forty five minutes ensued, when the Gloucestershire blues put in an appearance, and put a stop to proceedings for that day. Walker was much punished about the head (one shutter was up, and the other following suit), but was strong on his pins. Burke was the weaker, but had two good eyes and two good hands. The backers of the men have since met, and agreed to draw stakes, and both parties intend presenting the men with the whole of the battle money, for their straightforward and manly conduct.—*Bell's Life*, Dec 2.

MACE AND HURST.—Sam Hurst, the Champion of England, has deputed Mr. J. Gideon, one of the late backers of Tom Sayers, to arrange all matters respecting the challenge from Mace, to fight according to the rules of the belt; and Mr. Gideon states that Mace shall have a definite answer next week.

TOM SAYERS AT THE BRITANNIA.—Tom Sayers on Wednesday night last, attended at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, according to promise; and, notwithstanding the fact of Tom having to appear before an audience at Coventry at eight o'clock—his engagement with Mr. Cranford, the *benefiaire*—was fulfilled to the letter. The first piece of the evening, "Eily O'Connor," having been concluded, shortly after eleven the curtain was drawn up for the performance of "Sayers and Heenan;" and Sayers, who had arrived from Coventry a few minutes previously, appeared on the stage to be greeted with unanimous cheers. The burlesque was received with the same applause as heretofore. Tom Sayers was, on this occasion, timekeeper; and on its conclusion, Mr. Cranford, who took the part of Tom Sayers, was called for, and loudly applauded. The house was filled to suffocation, there not being standing room.

NEWTON AND BAKER.—The second deposit of £2 10s. a side has been made good for this match.

SHAW AND GILLAM.—Young Shaw, not having met with a response from Gillam, has left another £15, making £25 left with the stakeholder, to fight any man in the world at eight stone two or three, for £100 or £200 a side. Articles and a deposit will meet with immediate attention.

AQUATICS.

BOAT RACE ON THE TYNE—CUTHBERTSON AND GALLON FOR £20.

The race between these two men came off on Saturday, Nov. 24, the distance being from the High Level-bridge to the Meadows House, about two miles. Cuthbertson has rowed several matches, and being very successful and as a game rower, has very few superiors. Gallon is a well made young man, more powerfully framed than his opponent, and lacks nothing of the lasting qualities. In this race his friends, on account of it being his first race in this particular craft, were not very sanguine. The boats they rowed in is a kind of fine fag boat, and rows on the gunwale, very suitable craft for men that have not confidence in the skiff. At half-past twelve o'clock they took up their stations at the bridge. Cuthbertson looked very confident, chaffing his opponent a little, and threatened to make an example of him before they got to the end. Gallon took it very easy, merely nodding in return. After a few attempts they made a start, Cuthbertson immediately drew a length ahead, and at the Skinnerburn was a length clear. The betting at starting was 5 to 4 on Cuthbertson, but at this point 3 to 1 was offered, and very few takers, Gallon's friends looking very blue. As they rowed up the quay Gallon's rowing improved greatly, and by dint of hard labor he gradually overhauled his opponent at Clapham Beat House, where they were as level as when they started. The rowing here was very good, each straining every nerve for the lead. When about half-way up the Aunir Island, Cuthbertson began to give way, as nature seemed to be completely done. Gallon still kept up the same style of rowing, and eventually succeeded in passing him, going in a winner by a little more than two boat's lengths. Time, nearly sixteen minutes. Mr. J. Bagford, Scotch Arms, was referee.

SPIRITED BOAT RACE.—Edward Eagers, of Chelsea, and William Hemmings, of Richmond, contended on Nov. 29, from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, and rowed one of the best races ever seen. It was only for a small sum, £10 a side, having been knocked up in a hurry. A steamboat, Citizen N, Captain Hawkins, had been engaged to accompany the match, and was well filled. It was known that Hemmings had not for some time taken that care of himself which he should have done, and, although his qualities as a rapid starter received full consideration, it was thought that Eagers' lasting powers would give him the victory, and he was accordingly backed to win at 5 to 4, but not to any great extent, some foolish persons having put it about that the match was not fair and above board, an assertion which was untrue. The weather was as unpleasant as could well be, with a drizzling rain, and cold, piercing wind, which was resisting the tide with all its might, but the men appeared at their posts at the appointed time, Eagers looking a picture of health, while Hemmings, although in condition, had evidently been pulled down suddenly. Phelps showed in the head of Eagers' cutter, Gibbs of Hammersmith in that of Hemmings, and the umpires were Mr. C. Bicker of Chelsea for Eagers, Mr. E. D. Brickwood for Hemmings, Mr. Charles Newnham again filling the onerous position of referee. Hemmings won the toss and stripped to his skin; Eagers was ready the same moment, and without any time being cut to waste they were off. Eagers, much to the surprise of every one, started away rather more rapidly than his opponent, but it was only for a couple of strokes, and then they were abreast again, and so rowed to within fifty yards of the London Rowing Club Rooms, where Eagers began to shoot quickly in front, and off the Star and Garter was upwards of half a length clear, but at Simmonds' Hemming had picked up a couple of yards, and at the beginning of Finch's, by dint of hard rowing, came level again, and we should say led by a trifle; with both rowing the same stroke they were level for about another 200 yards till Eagers again forced a lead which he had made nearly a length at the Point. From here to near Craven it was a very exciting affar. Eagers was not quite clear, and Hemmings rowed him so hard that it was thought he would be on his stern at every pull, but at Craven by two or three vigorous strokes the Chelsea lad took his opponent's water and then gained half a length. On making the shoot, however, it was again very close; Hemmings put on the steam to such a tune as to come right up to Eagers' stern again, and the latter was not safe till they had reached the Crab Tree, where there was three quarters of a length between the boats, and about the same at the Soap Works. Hemmings was not, however, tired yet, and again by most energetic efforts nearly approached his opponent's stern, and when they passed under Hammersmith Bridge (reached in 11 minutes,) there was barely half a length between them. Immediately after this Eagers went so rapidly in front that he had increased his lead by a length and a half at the Doves, and was about three lengths ahead in the middle of Corney Reach, Hemmings laboring very much in the rough water, but never did his indomitable pluck allow him to flag an inch, and as they approached the next point beyond the Eyot, Eagers crossed the river too soon, and the Richmond lad, taking advantage, kept a straighter and better course, and on their coming straight again near the bathing place there was not more than two lengths between the boats, and several fine spurts still further reduced the gap to a length and a half midway between the Bull's Head and the bridge; Eagers, however, was still leading by two lengths under the bridge (reached in 23min 15sec,) and although Hemmings struggled on, and ever and anon lessened the gap, the Ship at Mortlake still found them two lengths apart, Eagers winning this hard-fought race in 26min 55sec. Both were greeted with loud cheers on passing the steamer, and even those who had won their money on Eagers were sorry that the plucky little loser could not also have won. Although Eagers rows with considerable pluck and strength, his opponent's style is better fitted to make a good man; and such Hemmings will be if he only takes care of himself.

GREAT BOWLING MATCH FOR THE BELT AND £30.—T. SAINT VS MYCROFT.—This event came off on Saturday, across the Town Moor, the former being the champion, and holding the belt, and the latter the challenger. Saint's victories are innumerable, having beaten all the best men of the day with the heavy weights; and as the weight of bowls restricted for the belt is 14 oz., he may fairly stand without a rival. Mycroft is a promising young man, and has been very successful in his matches. A little after twelve o'clock both men appeared at the scratch, but it was quite discernible that Saint was the most likely man for the day, the ground being so heavy, and he being a more powerful man, it was all in his favor; 6 to 4 was freely bet on him, and a deal of money changed pockets at this figure. After the first throw, Saint's superiority was quite apparent, as he led his plucky opponent by thirty yards; indeed every throw he went farther ahead of him, and eventually won by two throws. This being the second time he has won, he is open to bowl any man in the world from a 20oz to a 40oz bowl. He also must stand against all comers for twelve months, at 14oz., for the belt.

SKATING.—As anything relative to this excellent exercise will be read with interest at the present time, we append the following concerning its first introduction into England, in conjunction with other interesting statements in reference to the sport "in the days of Auld Lang Syne:"

Skating is by no means a recent invention, and probably proceeded from necessity rather than a desire for amusement. It is difficult to ascertain at what period it made its appearance in England: some traces are evident in the thirteenth century, when it was customary in the winter, for the young citizens of London to fasten the leg-bones of animals under the soles of their shoes, by binding them round their ancles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron in their hands, to push themselves along by striking it against the ice, and, we are told, that "they moved with celerity equal to a bird flying through the air, or to an arrow from a cross bow." The wooden skates, shod with iron or steel, which are bound about the feet and ankles, like the Talares of the Greeks and Romans, were, most probably, introduced here from the Low Countries, where, it is said, they originated.

Of late years skating has been carried to a very high degree of perfection. About 1835, on the piece of water in the Regent's park, for the first time, some fashionable fair ones exhibited, and went through the evolutions of a quadrille. It was peculiarly striking to observe their graceful forms gliding with fairy like rapidity along the ice, amidst the universal homage of the gallant skatesmen, who, ever and anon, raised their hats, in the most approved fashion, as the fleet Atalantæ swept past them.

Fitzstephen mentions an odd pastime which formerly used to be practised. "Some make a seat of ice as large as a millstone, and having placed one of their companions upon it, they draw him along; when it sometimes happens that, moving upon slippery places, they all fall down headlong."

Instead of these seats of ice, sledges have since been substituted, which, being extended from a centre by means of a strong rope, those who are seated in them are moved round with great velocity, and form an extensive circle. Sledges of this kind were set upon the Thames in the time of a hard frost, at the commencement of the last century.

Lady Montagu tells us that "the favorite diversion of the Germans, during the first months of winter, is sliding about in little machines fixed upon a sledge, called *traineaus*; they are large enough to accommodate a lady and gentleman, are drawn with one horse, and move with prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

AMERICAN HUMOR,

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN OUR MINSTREL HALLS.

THE discussion of this subject in a paper like the CLIPPER is by no means out of place. From week to week, as all the world knows, we have to touch upon matters that are an essential developement of the national taste in the direction specified. As chroniclers of the stage and minstrel saloon, it is our duty to criticise the doings there, in which, more or less, the American speciality of humor is presented to the public generally. Without question our minstrel delineations come the nearest to the true standard of our tastes in this way; our dramatic performances taking the third place; the intermediate, or second, being occupied by literature. The stage, from its very nature, might hold equal sway with the opera of "burnt cork," were the managers of our theatres less trammelled by precedent. The causes for this are obvious, and have been so often repeated as to do away with the present necessity of explanation. More alive to the wants of the millions out of doors, the writers and publishers of books, have taken the broader and better field, which, as we have already stated, is cultivated up to the point of perfection by the managers and members of our minstrel companies. By way of proving the accuracy of our position, it will be well for us, first to take American humor, as it is, and, secondly, to show how far it is realised by the medium in question. Now, it must be confessed that the humor so rife in our midst is a thing apart from all things bearing the same generic name, but having different spheres for their practice. *Our* humor is ready, palpable, and lively; and the rein, like its peculiarity, apart from the humor of the old world, which requires a combination of thought ere it can be appreciated—is more artificial than natural, and after all less satisfactory. Another advantage of the humor that has its birth, and breathes so strongly, on this continent, is that it is seldom, if ever, verbal. We eschew a play upon words, leaving the laughter we desire to invoke to the broad *fact* brought before us in a ludicrous light. We have hourly, almost momentary examples of this. Let any man travel on a rail road car or on a river steamboat—even let him walk a mile or two in the city, and the proofs will be ready for him. The quaint description by a stranger, of what he has seen on a tour; a short, dry criticism on a public character; a flash of fun suggested by a passing object—these will be forthcoming in plenty; and if you do not laugh at them to your heart's content, the fault is in your mental organization: you have not the organ of fun within you. Now, having explained as well as we can, the special character of American humor, let us fulfil our promise of showing how well it has been illustrated by the managers and members of our minstrel companies. At Bryants', Hooley and Campbell's, and several other organizations of the kind, to be found in New York, the fact we seek to establish is self evident. What is it that we hear there, save and except what we hear out of doors, where American humor meets us, unbidden. Sayings of the utmost extravagance, yet, withal, of the most mirth-moving speciality—songs that are an epitome of the gladness spontaneously inspired by an exquisite perception of the comic side of things; and in no case, with aught attached that borders on the indecent—unfortunately the leaven of too much of old world humor: these are the happy ingredients of the cup we drink from here, when we seek a genial relaxation from the cares of our ordinary life. For the positive proof of how perfectly the true character of American humor is studied in the places referred to, the immense *popular* success that has, for years past, awaited on the displays given there, may be quoted. For the negative, or we might better say, the inferential proof, we have only to change our view to the utter failure which has been attendant on the speculations of pretended American humorists. Within a few years, several works of the kind have been brought out, at a large cost, and have lasted out a spasmodic existence, more or less brief. A long life was what they never could attain, because, whatever abstract talent of a literary and pictorial description had been lavished on them, it was not of the special *American* character, which, as the aim was to claim American appreciation, it ought to have been. It is for this reason that all such works are destined to an early death; it is because of a like error in judgment, that our theatrical managers seldom give us anything of native fitness in the shape of humor; and, finally, it is because our minstrel managers and companies *do*, that they become wealthy men, and we a merry people.

NOT THE FASTEST.—The ship news reporters last week gave currency to the report that the steamer R. R. Cuyler had "made the trip from Savannah in 57 hours, which is said to be the shortest trip on record." By the following letter, it will be seen that the Cuyler's time has repeatedly been beaten, and that the best time made between the two ports is *fifty-two hours!* Here is the letter:—

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir*—In looking over the columns of the CLIPPER this week, I see the announcement, that the steamer R. R Cuyler has made the trip from Savannah in 57 hours, which is said to be the shortest trip on record. Now, Mr. Editor, I do not say but this is very good time indeed, but it has been repeatedly beaten by the following vessels: Augusta, Florida, Keystone State, and the Knoxville. The latter vessel, commanded by Capt C. D. Ludlow, left Savannah on a Wednesday afternoon (in the year 1855) and her first passenger stepped off on Pier 4, North River, at precisely 8:15, on the evening of the following Friday—*52 hours precisely to the d'ck.* Also, in her contest with the Keystone State (the Keystone State leaving Philadelphia, 41 miles advantage, at the same hour with the Knoxville) was beaten to Savannah about one hour—the trip being accomplished in 53½ hours by the Knoxville. The Nashville, under Capt. Berry, also shared the same fate in her two contests with the Knoxville in running to Charleston Bar. I was on the Knoxville during her whole career, with the exception of one trip, and I declare that she was never headed once, during that time, by *anything* with wheel or screw, and during that period she ran six months on the *average time* of 57½ hours per trip, to and from the city of Savannah, Geo. This is no boasting, Mr. Editor, for if her log-books (captain's and engineer's) were preserved from the fire that destroyed this noble ship, you will find the records there in black and white, to speak for themselves. "Fair play is a jewel." I am only talking for an old friend, with whom, and on board of, I have spent many happy hours; for I do not wish to see one single laurel wrested from that prow that has been so nobly and honorably won. The Knoxville started on her first voyage on the 15th day of March, 1854, and made her last trip in December, 1856, and was destroyed soon after by fire, while lying at her dock, or wharf, in this city. I now claim, Mr. Editor, that in your next "Time Table" you insert the fact that the steamer Knoxville, Capt. C. D. Ludlow, made the passage from Savannah to New York in *52 hours*—the shortest on record. If any person gainsay that fact, notify me through your columns, and I will bring positive and tangible proof. Yours, &c., S. S. W.

New York, Dec. 11, 1860.

THAT SLEEPY CHALLENGE.—A Candidate for the Honors.—In reply to a sleeping challenge, published in our last, we have received the following letter from Cincinnati:—

EDITOR CLIPPER:—Seeing a sleeping challenge in last week's CLIPPER, I beg to say that we have a man here, who, I feel assured, can beat the seven sleepers, taking them one at a time. After demolishing a four pound loaf of bread, and two pounds of beef steak—for he is equally sound on the eating question—he will absolutely sleep five consecutive days, without rest. Should he double his meals, it is thought he can sleep from 10 to 15 days, with ease. Should your correspondent feel inclined to make a match, I will back Jack the dyer, of the Philadelphia dye house. Jack is none of your single-handed sleepers, but a regular double-breasted Rip Van Winkle. Now as such a match would be a perfect novelty, a trial of the kind never having taken place in this country, I feel anxious to see the match closed at once. Yours, J. K.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—A correspondent informs us that Burt Miller, of Albany, has performed the feat of walking 100 consecutive hours. It took place at Syracuse, commencing on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th, at 6 o'clock, and ended on Saturday, at 10 o'clock P. M. The pedestrian is 22 years of age.

SKATING.

HO! FOR THE CENTRAL PARK.

THE good time coming, boys, (to use the Hibernicism,) has really come, for those who delight in the exhilarating sport—skating. Old King Winter has resumed his occupation of glazing, and the ponds and lakes in the neighborhood show the result of his handiwork. Thanks to his industry. The Central Park ponds may now be ventured on with safety, which was fully proved by the hundreds who made their *debut* on skates for the season, during the past day or two. The Sixth-avenue R. R. Co. has experienced quite an increase in its receipts since the commencement of the sport, as they announce "skating to-day," by carrying "ball up," like so many movable pawnbroker's shops, although the term bears an opposite meaning with them from what it does with "my uncle," with the latter it signifies two to one it never comes out, while with the former its signification is pretty nearly at the odds of two to one you can't get in. However, much as we are opposed to monopolies, we hope all our citizens who can, (including the ladies,) will patronise the company during the "cold term," and take a trip to the park pond, and for the benefit of their health go it on their sliding irons, cut pigeon wings and the like, and by this means increase their caloric, as no cheaper or better plan can be devised for so doing. Go warmly clad, look out for holes in the ice, and mind and keep your perpendicular; then go it while you are young, because, in all probability, when you get old you will not be able to do so.

Of skating, it has been aptly observed that it furnishes the one singular and solitary instance of Fashion patronizing what she is not obliged to pay for. In Europe, the Dutch (male and female) enjoy the reputation of being the best skaters; but, it is manifest that no such *prestige* belongs to them here, where, the field being open to all, without favor to any, the chances of skill are more widely distributed. Skating is by no means a modern invention, as some people seem to think. It dates back very far in the colder countries on the European continent, and most likely was suggested more by necessity than by the abstract desire for amusement. Of late years, it has been carried to a very high degree of excellence in this country, where the sharpness of the winter season has made it a general necessity, and the expanse of our frozen waters has afforded the opportunities vainly sought elsewhere. Our Central Park is a good gift for the citizens generally, in this respect, as well as in many others. The ponds therein being large, and the means for insuring a perfectly level surface always available. As we have already said, the truly seasonable weather which set in last week, induced thousands of people to visit the Central Park, and the ponds particularly. There are six of these, located on either side of the New Haven railroad track, commencing at Fifty-ninth street, and continuing close up to Seventieth street. Of these six ponds, there are two which seem to have special attractions to the lovers of skating. They are the Arsenal and Hamilton Square ponds, and are, of course, situated close to the above places. There, and in fact all over the Central Park, the scene presented last week was one of the most animated description. People were there in carriages, and wrapped up comfortably in buffalo robes; while glancing in the sunlight, were the skaters, who moved about with lightning rapidity. Many were the cold journeys of those who could not be taken up by the over filled cars—many a red nose, like Bardolph's. But the "irons" on the feet, and a whirl or two upon the ice, and all was right and comfortable again. We must not forget one graceful feature of the skating of last week. We allude to the participation of the ladies in the pastime. The best arrangements were made for them, and the managers of the ponds are also deserving of commendation, for the pains they have taken to insure the safety of children and learners among the throng. Having said this much of the skating in the Central Park, we shall make no inappropriate ending if we annex the rules governing the pastime there. They are as follows:—

ACCESS TO THE ICE.

Broad platforms, resting upon spiles at their outer edge, so as to bridge over the ice near the shore where it is usually weak, have been placed at three points to give safe access. One of these is at the Terrace landing, opposite the head of the Mall; another extends the whole length of the south beach, west of the Iron Bow-Bridge, and opposite to the carriage circle. This is intended for the special accommodation of those coming in carriages, which will wait in the circle. The third is at the north beach.

SKATES, CLOAK-ROOM, AND REFRESHMENTS.

At each platform, tents are being placed, at which skates and straps can be obtained. Coats can be checked and left, and hot soups and coffee will be served, at fixed moderate prices. Sliding chairs for ladies will also be provided.

RESERVED ICE FOR LADIES.

A portion of the ice near the Balcony Bridge will be reserved for ladies. A special landing platform, and a dressing-house with a woman in attendance, is provided. The entrance will be found a few rods south of the Balcony Bridge, on the east side of the Drive. An open fence will separate the ladies' ice from the main body. An opening in the fence will allow ladies to pass into the main pond, and it is hoped that by this arrangement ladies will be induced to use the ice on the main body of the lake still more freely than last year.

RESERVED ICE FOR CHILDREN AND LEARNERS.

The bay last year reserved for ladies west of the main lake will be reserved for children and ladies commencing to learn to skate. The arrangements are such that those upon it will be subject to but little observation from the shore; the approach to it will be by a path, leaving the drive opposite that to the ladies' cottage and landing.

CURLING AND GOLF.

The new pond at the south end of the Park will be reserved for the use of the Curling and other clubs, and for the play of Golf or Hockie. The clubs using it will each be assigned as much of the ice as is necessary for their purpose, which they will be required to keep in order.

The suggestion which has been made, that the pond should be given to the ladies, is not approved, on the ground that so distinct a removal of ladies from others using the ice is desirable on the whole for neither party, and that it would be unfavorable to good manners and good order on the Park.

It is also thought desirable that games should not be prevented on the Park which would be dangerous if pursued in the usual crowd upon the lake, but which, under favorable restrictions, are highly interesting and wholesome, and manly in their tendency.

SIGNALS.

A ball will be hoisted to the top of the pole near the bell tower, whenever the ice is in fair condition.

A white pennant will be kept hoisted over the round house, in the middle of the main pond, whenever the ice may be walked upon with safety by several persons together, or skating can be attempted without serious detriment to the ice, whatever may be its condition in other respects. No one can remain upon the ice with perfect safety, or with proper regard to the general interest in maintaining the ice in good order for skating, when the white pennant is not flying.

A red pennant over the round house indicates that the ice is very dangerous, or that it is being flooded for the purpose of forming a new surface. In the latter case it will be kept flying until new ice is finally formed. The red pennant will not be displayed unless there is an absolute necessity that the pond should be cleared.

ARTEMUS WARD ON "FORTS."—In the following dissertation by our friend, the "showman," there will be found much wisdom and humor. Like all true wits, Artemus has the happy knack of explaining a great deal in a few words. "Every man of intelleck has his Fort. Daniel Webster's Fort was to speecherfy in the House of Kongris & make Dickshunaries. Shakspeer rote good plazo, but he woodent hev bin wuth a pint of cold Sudur as a stennergrafick Reportir. Wood he? Hey? He bet 2 dollers he woodent. Henry Ward Beecher wood make a good end man for the kork opery minstrils, because he can cackle well. Old man Townsin's Fort was to make Saseyperiller. 'Gey to the world! anuther life is saived!' (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisement.) Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machine telegraf under the boundin billers of the Ocshun & then hev it Bust. Spaldin's Fort is to mak prepared Gloo, which mends everything. Wooder if it will mend a sinner's wicked ways. (Impromptoo jeax.) Zoary's Fort is to be a femail circus feller. My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter is with me, &c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to an indefinit extent. 'Twixt I've endevored to do things which they wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw."

YANKEE SPECULATION.—A pedlar from Connecticut lately travelled through Virginia, shaking hands heartily with every one he met, whether they purchased or refused his merchandise. Directly it was discovered, that to every one with whom he had shaken the friendly hand, he had communicated the itch. Immediately after this discovery, another pedlar, his partner, came along with a good stock of sovereign itch ointment. It is perhaps needless to say that he made large sales at a good per centage.

A COOL SPORTSMAN.—The *Journal de la Meurthe*, France, states that a few days since in the wood of Lemainville, in that department, as M. Evre Husson was out shooting, two hares suddenly rose in opposite directions, and ran towards each other. He waited coolly until they were on the point of crossing, when he fired and killed them both!

RIGHT.—We are glad to notice the indications of a growing love for music in this country. Within a brief period, several large musical conventions have been held, while the number of concerts, lectures on music, &c., runs up to a very high figure. This is as it should be.

BASE BALL CONVENTION.

THE BOUND GAME RE-ADOPTED.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The regular Annual Convention of the "National Association of Base Ball Players" was held at Clinton Hall, Astor place, New York, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 12th. Delegates from no less than fifty-five clubs were present, but there were twenty-seven clubs who have been enrolled as members of the association who did not send delegates to this convention. The peculiar state of the times may have had its effect in deterring clubs from sending delegates, but we think that in the spring of the year there is a greater probability of their being a larger attendance of delegates than there is in the fall. Besides, in the spring all ball players are on the *qui vive*, for the commencement of the season, and they feel decidedly more enthusiastic in relation to the interests of the game than they do at the close of a long season's play. Contrasting the animus of this convention with that of last spring, we are decidedly of the opinion that March, or even April, is far preferable for the meeting of the convention to any other time of the year.

Dr. Jones, the President of the convention, called the meeting to order, and in doing so made a few appropriate remarks, suggesting the propriety of making brevity the soul of the speeches and resolutions that might be introduced, as they had considerable business to transact during the evening. In view of this, the reading of the minutes of the previous convention was, by vote, dispensed with. The roll was then called, and the delegates from fifty-five clubs answered to their names. Of these there were eighteen who had sent delegates for the first time. The following clubs, whose delegates attended the last convention, were not represented in this:—Stuyvesant, Monumect, Ashland, Katy Did, E Pluribus Unum, and Champion, of New York; Esculapian, Olympic, Hiawatha, Osceola, Vigilant, Independent, of South Brooklyn, and Morphy, of Brooklyn; Atlantic, of Jamaica; Neosho, of New Utrecht; Hamilton, of Jersey City; Astoria, of Astoria; United, of Trenton, N. J.; Niagara, of Buffalo; Hoboken, of Hoboken; Potomac, of Washington; Washington, of Mineola; Quinnipiack, of New Haven; Poughkeepsie, of Poughkeepsie; Detroit, of Detroit; and Champion, of Albany. Total 27. The names of 104 clubs are enrolled on the books of the association, who have been elected members of it since its organization. Sixteen clubs were represented at the first convention; nine were added to the list at the second; twenty-five at the third; twenty-two at the fourth; sixteen at the fifth, and sixteen at the last. Of these, about one-fourth have been disbanded, or absorbed into other clubs, and many are now in existence, but do not choose to send delegates after having once joined the association. Dr. Adams, after the roll call, moved a suspension of the rules in order to introduce an amendment to the constitution which would admit of a reduction of the annual dues. This was accordingly done, and an amendment was carried. Article 8 of the Constitution now requires the payment of only *two* dollars annually, instead of *five* as heretofore. On the resumption of the regular order of business, the nominating committee reported favorably for the admission of all the clubs who had made application for membership, and their report was received and promptly acted upon by the election of the clubs nominated. The election of officers being next in order, Messrs. D. Milliken, T. S. Dakin, and Dr. Jones were respectively nominated for the office of President of the association for the ensuing term, the result of the election being as follows:—For D. Milliken, 55; T. S. Dakin, 33, and Dr. Jones, 10. The following gentlemen were then elected to fill the remaining offices, viz: 1st Vice President, Col D. C. Moore, of the Athletic club, of Philadelphia; 2d Vice President, Captain Burr Porter, of the Newark club; Recording Secretary, J. Ross Postley (address 24 North William street, New York,); Corresponding Secretary, Theodore F. Jackson; Treasurer, E. H. Brown. The important subject of the alteration of the rules and regulations then came up for action. Dr. Adams, the chairman of the committee, then read the following excellent report:

The committee on rules and regulations reported, that the following proposed amendments to the rules were duly submitted for their consideration, and they were recommended to the association for adoption.

To amend Sec. 1 to read as follows:—

"The ball must weigh not less than five and *a half*, nor more than five and *three-fourths* ounces avoirdupois. It must measure not less than nine and *one half*, nor more than nine and *three-fourths* inches in circumference, &c., &c.

To amend Sec. 4 by adding:—

"*And in all match-games a line connecting the home and first base, and the home and third base shall be marked by the use of chalk, or other suitable material, so as to be distinctly seen by the Umpire.*

To amend Sec. 8 to read as follows:—

"If the ball, from a stroke of the bat, first touches the ground, *the person of the player, or any other object*, behind the range of home and first base, or home and third base, it shall be termed foul, and must be so declared by the Umpire unasked. If the ball first touches the ground, *the person of the player, or any other object*, either upon or in front of the range of those bases it shall be considered fair."

To amend Sec. 10 to read as follows:—"Players, running the bases, must, so far as possible, keep upon the direct line between them, *and must make them in the following order: First (base), Second, Third and Home, and if returning, must reverse this order;* should any player run three feet out of this line, for the purpose of avoiding the ball in the hands of an adversary, he shall be declared out."

To amend Sec 23 by adding the following words:—"He shall in every instance, before leaving the ground, declare the winning club, and shall record his decision in the score books of the two clubs."

It was suggested to the committee, in view of the different interpretations given to some of the rules, that their meaning should be defined by a series of explanatory resolutions. This plan was approved by the committee as forming a code of rulings that would settle all doubtful points which are liable to arise.

The above amendments were all unanimously adopted, but the final resolution was voted down.

This report was received, and being taken up by sections for action by the convention, the first amendment proposed was adopted; also, the second and third; but the fourth was lost by a vote of 51 against, to 42 in favor of the proposed amendment, thus re affirming the existing rule in reference to the bound game. The remaining amendments were then adopted. The reports of officers were then received, that of the Treasurer being as follows: Receipts, $819 07; expenses, $200 31; balance, $419 62. Previous to the motion for adjournment, Mr. Bixby offered a resolution, the purport of which was the appointment of a committee to draft a series of explanatory rules whereby umpires might be guided in interpreting the existing rules and regulations of the game. To the committee who drew up the rules in question, their definition may be perfectly clear and explicit; but to others, there are several of the rules which admit of a double meaning. The proposed resolution would have made these doubtful points perfectly clear, and would have led to a unanimity of opinion in regard to them that would have prevented many a dispute that will now take place, as hitherto. We were somewhat surprised to see it voted down, and attribute it to the fact of the resolution not being properly understood, as it was at a late hour that it was proposed, and all were anxious to leave. After a few more unimportant proceedings, the convention adjourned.

The accommodations for the members of the press—but few of whom were there—were very limited, the secretaries courteously giving up seats at their table for them. This matter should be attended to at the next convention. The following is the list of clubs represented:—

NEW YORK CLUBS.
1. Knickerbocker.
2. Gotham.
3. Empire.
4. Eagle.
5. Mutual.
6. Harlem.
7. Baltic.
8. Metropolitan.
9. St. Nicholas.
10. Manhattan.
11. Independent.
12. Lexington.
13. Chelsea.
14. Social.
15. Jefferson.
16. *Malta.*
17. *Alpine.*

BROOKLYN CLUBS.
1. Atlantic.
2. Excelsior.
3. Eckford.
4. Putnam.
5. Pastime.
6. Star.
7. Charter Oak.
8. Exercise.
9. Enterprize.
10. Marion.
11. Brooklyn.
12. Hamilton.
13. *Henry Eckford.*
14. *Powhattan.*
15. *Zouave.*

PROVINCIAL CLUBS.
1. Union, of Morrisanis.
2. Liberty, of New Brunswick.
3. Good Intent, of New Utrecht.
4. Hudson River, of Newburgh.
5. Union, of Elizabethtown, N. J.
6. Excelsior, of Baltimore.
7. Victory, of Troy.
8. Newark, of Newark.
9. Eureka, of Newark.
10. Bowdoin, of Boston.
11. *Flour City*, of Rochester.
12. *Athletic*, of Philadelphia.
13. *Equity*, " "
14. *Benedict*, " "
15. *United*, " "
16. *Winona*, " "
17. *Baltic*, of Belleville, N. J.
18. *Quickstep*, of Bergen, N. J.
19. *Adriatic*, of Newark.
20. *Englewood*, of Englewood, Fort Lee.
21. *National*, of Washington.
22. *Continental*, of Jersey City.
23. *New Rochelle*, of N. Rochelle.

P. S.—Those clubs whose names are given in *Italics*, are those who joined the Association at this meeting.

The secretaries of all the clubs belonging to the Association were requested to transmit to the Recording Secretary their names and post office address within fifteen days, in order that the same may be published for the convenience of all.

A resolution was adopted, admitting of clubs, belonging to the Association, playing the fly game when mutually agreed upon.

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS—W. H. Van Cott, Nelson Shaurman, C. W. Van Voorhis.

ON PRINTING—E. R. Wilbur, W. H. Grinelle, J. R. Postley.

A STOUT MAN'S "AUCTIONEER."—The following anecdote is related of Daniel Lambert, the Falstaff of eighty years ago:—"He was chivalrously brave, and on one occasion, when two Savoyards had loosened a bear upon a fine dog which was barking at it, finding all his remonstrances thrown away, he snatched a pole out of the hands of one of the fellows, and dealt the bear such a blow that he stunned her. The dog got away, but the bear turned upon Lambert, who again attacked it in the most gallant style. Lambert aimed blow after blow, and, as he was in the flower of his strength, and could carry five hundred weight with ease, his blows must have astonished the bear. Still the bear pressed on, defending her head in the most scientific style, and her antagonist having fallen, owing to the slippery state of the ground, she was so close upon him that he felt the heat of her breath. At this crisis he gave her a blow on the skull with his fist which brought her to the ground. She immediately took to fight, the people tumbling over one another in heaps to get out of the way, while a smaller bear, which had been standing upright with a cocked hat on against a wall, staring at the scene, no sooner beheld the issue of the fray than it took off its hat and turned a sommersault at Lambert's feet in token of submission."

THE TRIGGER.

GREAT SHOOTING MATCH.—NEW JERSEY AGAINST PENNSYLVANIA.—TAYLOR AND COX.—City of Reading, Dec. 12th, 1860.—DEAR FRANK:—The pigeon shooting match between John Taylor, of Jersey City, N. J., and James Cox, of Swatara, Schuylkill Co., Pa., came off, according to articles mutually agreed upon, and originally published in the CLIPPER of the 10th ult. Monday, the 10th inst., (the eventful day,) brought to our city the competitors, accompanied by a few friends, who were greeted by a number of their Reading brethren, on the arrival of the East Pennsylvania and the Pottsville trains.

It was feared that the contest could not come off, in consequence of the very unpropitious state of the weather. The Neversink and Penn mountains were clothed in thick mantles of vapor, and the rain descended in torrents; added to which, the ground was covered with snow to the depth of four inches. Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, they toed the scratch precisely at 1 o'clock, and Taylor winning the toss, took the lead.

SUMMARY.

Taylor.....11111 11111 11161 01101 0—17 out of 21
Cox.....11110 11111 10111 10101 1—17 out of 21.

The shooting was excellent, when the state of the weather and short bounds are taken into consideration (bounds 50 yds); also the number of birds which fell outside of bounds—Taylor's 14th, 37 yds.; 16th, 10 yds.; 19th, 40 yds., and 21st, about 51 yds. out of bounds. Cox's 5th, 20 yds.; 12th, 30 yds., and 17th about 51 yds. out of bounds. The parties mutually agreed to cross bayonets at 8 o'clock the following morning, and end the conflict. Precisely at 8:45 o'clock the belligerents entered the arena, Taylor taking the initiative again. The weather being more favorable, much more interest was manifested by the spectators, who freely canvassed the merits of their favorite.

SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.—SUMMARY.

Taylor.....11111 01111 11101 11111 0—18 out of 21
Cox.....11001 01101 11111 11111 1—17 out of 21

Thus ended the interesting contest; and Taylor, after a well contested match, as fairly won, we hope enjoys the laurels. It detracts but little, however, from the well earned fame of his brave competitor. It is a matter of great pleasure to us in "Old Berks" to witness the good feeling which subsisted between Messrs. Taylor and Cox; not a word in anger or dispute passed between them; and we think both parties are satisfied with the reception and entertainment of their friends in Reading. Come soon again.

In justice to Mr. Cox, it is but fair to state that he labored under peculiarly depressing circumstances, having been confined to his room about five days with the quinsey, and on Monday morning was obliged to walk twelve miles to Pottsville, to meet the 9 o'clock morning cars for Reading, and where, immediately after his arrival, he had to face the inclement state of the weather, which was almost sufficient to unnerve an iron man, "but nobly did he sustain himself" with his skilful opponent—who is a hard one to beat. We give him glory for his victory. More anon, REFLECTOR.

YOUNG AMERICA IN OLD BERKS.—A shooting club having been formed in Reading, consisting of minors, they made their first essay on the 8th inst., Masters Deem and Setley being chosen as candidates for the opening event. These lads, after doffing their upper garments, came to the scratch in gay style. Summary:—

Master Deem.....1101 | Master Setley.....1100

Setley not being satisfied with his vanquishment, demanded another trial, which was immediately acceded to. Deem toed the scratch in gladiatorial confidence, determined to win if he could, and lose if he must. Summary:—

Master Deem.....10101 | Master Setley.....11111

The first match was for $250 a side, and the second for $150 a side. Judges for both matches, Masters Baron and Hepley.

Verily Old Berks can challenge the Universe, in point of professional pigeon shooters. We know not what will come next—perhaps a grand national tournament of amateur pigeon shooters.

Yours, AMBULATOR.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Home and Liberty Clubs have recently played two games, the first on the 18th ult., which was won by the former, they scoring 15 to their opponents 4 runs. On the 25th ult., they again met, when, though the game was not quite so much on one side, the Home Club again secured the victory by 5 runs, the score being as affixed:—

LIBERTY. NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.	HOME. NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.
Drady, catcher	4	3	Riely, left field	3	3
Wainright, right field	2	3	Wilson, pitcher	5	1
Ward, 1st base	2	3	Cook, catcher	3	3
Slack, 2d base	4	2	Alleyn, 1st base	3	2
Thompson, pitcher	5	1	Fennegan, short stop	4	2
Gorman, left field	2	2	Michel, 2d base	3	2
Duffy, centre field	2	2	Wark, 3d base	3	2
Hanefy, 3d base	3	1	Mitchel, centre field	1	5
Sheenan, short stop	3	0	Brady, right field	2	2
Total		17	Total		22

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Liberty	6	1	1	2	0	0	3	3	1	—17
Home	4	2	4	2	1	0	4	0	5	—22

Umpire—Mr. J. Watson, of Lone Star Club.

A SELL.—The note appended, giving the particulars of a decided "sell" in base ball circles, although somewhat amusing to its concoctors, is a species of practical joking that we deprecate *in toto*, and we hope never to be pained by hearing of its repetition:—New York, Dec. 3, 1860.—EDITOR CLIPPER—Sir: We, the members of the Gotham, Jr., Base Ball Club do thank the Union Club, of Newburgh, for the courteous manner in which they treated us, on the 29th ult., by accepting our challenge, and then, when we arrived at Newburgh, sending us down to New Windsor, and giving us the pleasure of waiting there half the day, and then sending us a note stating that we were sold. Yours, &c.,

JAMES PURDY, President.
GEORGE WOOD, Secretary.

A CLOSE CROSS-EXAMINATION.—It is of Warren, says *Blackwood's Magazine*, the author of "Ten Thousand a year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man, accused of swearing falsely in a will case, is related. It shows great dramatic power, unconsciously exhibited in his business. The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had. "And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?" "I did." "Was it sealed with red or black wax?" "With red wax." "Did you see him seal it with red wax?" "I did." "Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?" "In his bed." "Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?" "About three or four inches long." "Who gave the testator this piece of wax?" "I did." "Where did you get it?" "From the drawer of his desk." "How did he light that piece of wax?" "With a candle." "Where did that piece of a candle come from?" "I got it out of a cupboard in his room." "How long was that piece of candle?" "Perhaps four or five inches long." "Who lit that piece of candle?" "I lit it." "What with?" "With a match?" "Where did you get that match." "On the mantel-shelf in the room." Here Warren paused, and fixing his large, deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:—"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?" "I did." "Once more, sir; upon your oath, you did?" "I did." "*My lord, it's a wafer!*"

THE NAKED ARMS OF INFANTS.—We recommend the following to the reader, who, with ourselves, will not fail to acknowledge its wisdom, and aptness of illustration. A distinguished physician, (says Dr. Louis) who died some years since, in Paris, declared:—"I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked." I have often thought (continues Dr. L.) if a mother was anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut out a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice. Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth; the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now carry the same bulb to its little hand; if the arms are bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink 40 degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 99 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cold currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequently recurring affections of the lungs, throat, and stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the simple cure.

A FISHIN'S NOTE BOOK.—On reading the following (an extract from a diary recently picked up in New Orleans) we are inclined to ask, where is the schoolmaster? The loser of the pocket book was, evidently, a "medikul man." "Kase 174, Mary An Perkins, birses washwoman; sickness in her bed. Fisick, sum blu pills a soaperifik, aged 52. Fed me one dolar, 1 quarter bogus. Mind get good quarter and maik her talk mo fisik. Kase 175. Mikil Tubbs, Bisnis, Nirishman. Lives with Dekun Phely, what kepes a dray. Siknes, dig in the ribs, and tow blak ise. Fisik to drink my mixter twise a day of sasiperrly beer and jollop, and fish ile, to maik it taist fisiky put in some asifidity—Rubbed his fais with kart greas liniment, aged 28 yeres of aig. Drinkt the mixtur and wuddent pa me kase it tasted nasty, but the mixter'il work his innerds I reckon. Kase 176. Old Misses Boggs. Aint got no bisnis but plenty of money. Siknes aul a humbug. Gave her sum of my se ebrated Dipsebofkes, whitch she sed drunk like kold tee—which it was too. Most pot sunthin in to maik her feel sik and bad. The old woman has got the roks."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE FIRE TOURNAMENT.—The lists have been re-prepared, and the champions coming victorious from the second round of encounters, albeit they received many a sturdy dint and more than one temporarily "lost a stirrup," or even got unhorsed, are arranged for the third series of jousts in the following order:—

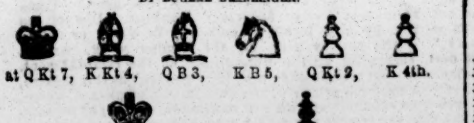
1. James A. Leonard vs Carl Koppel.
2. William Richardson vs Daniel W. Fiske.
3. Napoleon Marache vs W. H. Lord.
4. Otho E. Michaelis vs J. P. Barnett, M. D.

The second and fourth pairs are looked upon as particularly well matched.

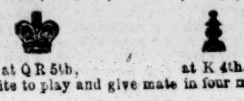
Mr. Leonard has already conquered Mr. Koppel.

ENIGMA No. 255.

BY EUGENE BRENZINGER.



at Q Kt 7, K Kt 4, Q B 3, K B 5, Q Kt 2, K 4th.



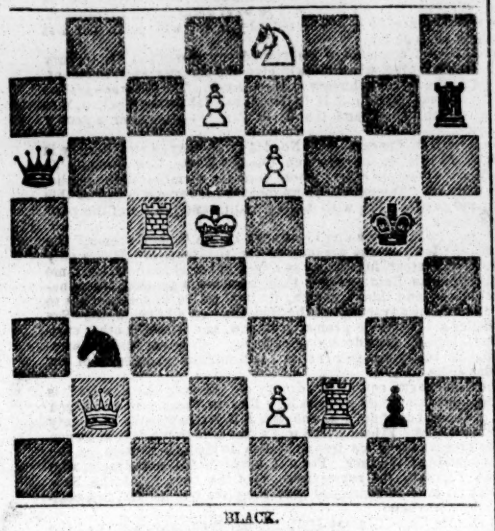
at Q R 5th, at K 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 255.—TOURNAMENT No. 70.

BY JOHN MCLEAN.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and draw the *partie*.

GAME No. 255.

The second *partie* of the match in the present Tournament at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between Messrs. Loyd and Leonard.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

Attack, S. Loyd.	Defence, J. A. Leonard.	Attack, S. Loyd.	Defence, J. A. Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q to K B 3	Castles
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Castles	Q B-Kt 5 (*e*)
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	13..Q-K 4	Q R-K sq
4..B-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	14..P-K R 3	P-K B 4
5..Q-K 2 (*a*)	K B-B 4	15..Q-her B 4	K-his R sq
6..K B×Kt	Q P×B	16..R P×B	B P×P
7..K Kt×P	Q-her 5 (*b*)	17..Q-K 4 (*f*)	Q R-K 3
8..K Kt-Q 3	K B-Kt 3	18..P-K Kt 3	Q×Kt P+
9..P-K 5 (*c*)	K Kt-Q 4	19..Q-K Kt 2	Q×K Kt,
10..P-Q B 3	Q-K R 5 (*d*)	and Mr. Loyd resigns. (*g*)	

(*a*) Not an eligible form of continuing the Attack; about equal, only, to 5..P to Q 3d. Castles, or P to Q 4th, the recognized moves, are far better.

(*b*) Of course; and a superiority commences here which he not only never loses, but improves to the end.

(*c*) Driving, but does him no good.

(*d*) The best move, both for the present necessity, and its commanding influence on the remainder of the game.

(*e*) *E Pluribus Unum*—The Attack is exposed to all sorts of counter-assaults, now.

(*f*) Poor thing! her persecutions are really painful to contemplate, and she is, even, in no small peril of being lost altogether.

(*g*) Another testimony to the validity of "Lowenthal's Defence."

Partie, contested recently at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between our contributor E. Brenzinger and D. W. Fiske.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Brenzinger.	Fiske.	Brenzinger.	Fiske.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..K B to Q 3	P to Q B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q-her B 2	P-K R 3
3..P-Q 4	K P×P	17..K R-K sq	Q R-Q B sq
4..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	18..P-Q 5 (*j*)	Q B×Kt
5..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	19..Q Kt×B	P-Q B 5
6..B P×P (h)	K B-Kt 3	20..B-K B 5	Q-her B 2
7..Q B-Kt 5	P-Q 3	21..B×Q R	K R×B
8..Castles	Q B-Kt 5	22..Q R-Q sq	B-Q B 4
9..Q-her Kt 3	Q Kt-R 4	23..Kt-Q 4	P-Q Kt 4
10..Q-R 4+	Q-her 2 (*i*)	24..Kt-K B 5	R-K B sq
11..K B-Kt 5	P-Q B 3	25..Q-her B 3	P-K B 3
12..K B-K 2	K Kt×P	26..K R-K 7	Q-Kt 3
13..Q B-Q 2	Kt×Q B	27..R×Kt P+	K-his R sq
14..Q Kt×Kt	Castles, K R	28..Q-K R 3,—Mr. Fiske resigns.	

(h) An interesting and very natural variation on this opening.

(*i*) The Defence gets an excellently opened game, but is outplayed subsequently.

(*j*) This renders the last move of the Defence useless, and very much obstructs his game, to the end; under its cover the Attack very neatly secures a winning superiority of position.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 367, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, $2,00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Position received. Thanks.

NEMO.—We intended to publish your remarks this week, but the paper has been mislaid. We trust that it will "come to light" in time for our next.

C. A., of Roxbury.—Where art thou?

PATRICIUS, New York.—"Come forth," Patricius?

F. E. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Will examine that game.

E. W. P., Toledo, O.—We have a position of your composition, dedicated to young players, which may appear anon. We shall be pleased to hear from you again.

C. H. IRVING, Howardsville, Va.—Your analysis of two kings vs three, appears this week. "Do so, some more."

ANALYSIS OF THREE KINGS AGAINST TWO, BOTH OF WHICH STAND IN THE SAME DOUBLE CORNER.—Howardsville, Va., Nov., 1860.—H. SPATH, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Sir*: The problem of three White against two Black Kings, when the latter occupy separately both double corners, has been solved by Payne, but I never saw any solution in print of the problem when both Black Kings are situated in the same double corner. This is my rule:—Supposing both Black Kings command their own double corner, the first thing to be done is to get your three White Kings in a row on squares 2, 10 and 18. This can always be done with ease. The win is then compulsary in five or six moves. Blacks, after their last move in this preliminary process, must stand in one of the following five positions, the solutions of which are given below:—

First Position—Blacks on	1	and	9—10	14,	1	5,	2	7,	9	6,	18	15.		
Second "	"	"	13	"	9—10	6,	9	5,	18	14,	5	1,	6	9.
Third "	"	"	5	"	9—10	6,	9	13,	18	14,	5	1,	6	9.
Fourth "	"	"	1	"	13—18	14,	1	5,	10	6,	5	1,	6	9.
Fifth "	"	"	5	"	13*-	2	7,	13	17,	18	14,	17	13,	10 15,
					5	1,	7	11,	1	5,	15	18,	5	1, 11 15.

*The preliminary steps of getting the three Kings in a row removes all difficulty, and will enable the merest tyro to win without vexatious delay.

Yours, C. H. IRVING.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 67.—VOL. VIII.

By F. E. D., of Brooklyn.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..17	to 14	10	to 17	5..32	to 27	23	to 32
2..29	25	1	10	6..30	23	17	21
3..20	16	12	19	7..25	22, and wins.		
4..11	8	4	11				

SOLUTION OF THE SECOND POSITION OF STURGES.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..30	to 26	27	to 23	6..25	to 22	31	to 27
2..19	15	23	30	7..22	18	27	32
3..15	19	21	25	8..18	23	32	28
4..22	29	30	26	9..23	27	28	32
5..29	25	26	31	10..19	23	32	28

White wins.

See solution of First Position, given last week.

GAME No. 33.—VOL. VIII.

DYKE.

Martins. Black.	McKerrow. White.	Martins. Black.	McKerrow. White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	20.. 1 to 17	27 to 23
2..15 19	24 15	21..18 27	31 15
3..10 19	23 16	22..17 21	5 1
3..12 19	25 22	23.. 7 10	15 6
5.. 8 11	17 13	24.. 2 9	1 6
6.. 4 8	22 18	25.. 9 13	6 10
7.. 9 14	18 9	26..29 25	26 23
8.. 5 14	29 25	27..25 22	10 15
9..11 15	25 22	28..12 16	13 18
10..14 18	22 17	29..16 19	15 24
11..18 22	17 14	30..22 15	24 27
12..22 25	14 9	31..15 19	27 31
13..25 29	21 17	32..19 23	28 24
14.. 7 10	9 5	33..13 17	31 26
15.. 8 12	27 24	34..23 27	24 19
16.. 3 7	32 27	35..27 31	26 23
17..15 18	24 15	36..17 22	19 15
18..10 19	17 14	37..22 25	Drawn.
19.. 6 9	13 6		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

Black.—(G. M. B.)		White.—(D.)
15..16	19	

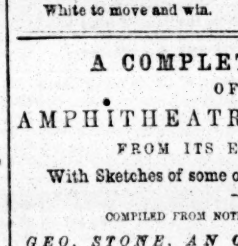
BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND NON NEMO.

Black.—Mary.		White.—Non Nemo.	
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11		

POSITION No. 68.—VOL. VIII.

BY F. B. D.

BLACK.

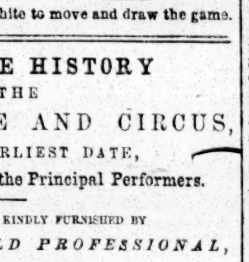


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 3D POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw the game.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS,

FROM ITS EARLIEST DATE,

With Sketches of some of the Principal Performers.

COMPILED FROM NOTES KINDLY FURNISHED BY

GEO. STONE, AN OLD PROFESSIONAL,

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN,

EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMPHITHEATRE.

The history of amphitheatres is of considerable importance, in consequence of its connection with ancient manners. These structures owed their origin to the barbarity of the ancients, and their ruin to the humanity of the moderns. They are the production of Roman invention in the last ages of the republic. The Romans were immoderately fond of every amusement of a bloody and horrible nature. After the Samnite wars had extended the Roman sceptre over the whole peninsula of Italy, the first gladiatorial conflicts were exhibited in Rome, in the year B.C. 260. Lucius Metellus brought into the circus the elephants which were part of the spoil of the Carthaginians, in the year 252, and this proved the introduction of wild beasts into the spectacles of Rome. This soon gave birth to a profession of men denominated *gladiators*, who were trained to the combat, and for reward slaughtered, one another in the arena; whilst every savage animal which the wilds of Asia or Africa produced, added to the horrors of the scene.

The first amphitheatre was constructed in a semicircular form; two contiguous wooden theatres, moveable on wheels, were first placed back to back, and the people being amused in these the one half of the day, they were then wheeled round, forming one spacious theatre, where the gladiators contended during the remainder of the day. Julius Cæsar, a few years after, formed a hunting theatre of wood, and, in consequence of the circular position of the seats, it obtained the name of an amphitheatre. During the reign of Tiberius, one was was built at Fidenæ, which, Tacitus informs us, fell while the games were performing, killing or injuring about 50,000 persons.

In the eighth consulate of Vespasian, he began an amphitheatre, which Titus finished during his reign, A.D. 80. It is said that the expense of this building would have erected a metropolis. Dio says that 9000 wild beasts were destroyed at the dedication of this huge building. During the progress of the fifth century, these gladiatorial combats were abolished, and the amphitheatres were abandoned to the ravages of time and accident.

The amphitheatre called the Coliseum was of an elliptical form, whose largest diameter was about 581 Italian feet, and the shortest 481. The length of the diameter of the arena was about 285 feet, and the breath 182. The external circumference inclosed a superficies of about five acres and a half, and could scarcely be included in a parallelogram of seven acres. It was capable of containing 87,000 spectators on the benches, and 22,000 in the galleries. It was completed in two years and nine months, showing an astonishing instance of Roman vigor and persevering industry.

The different kinds of amusement have already been cursorily alluded to. Gladiators contended together, or entered the lists with wild beasts. It appears, also, that criminals were sometimes forced to fight with these ferocious creatures, for the entertainment of the people of Rome. The laws and regulations of the amphitheatre were thus:—In the centre sat the Emperor; the married men sat by themselves; the young men were also arranged by themselves, and their tutors sat near them to observe their conduct. The attendants and servants occupied the highest gallery. The front of the gallery was assigned to the first, while the others stood behind them. At each end of the arena was a large door for the entrance and exit of men and beasts. The latter were kept in dens under the platforms and seats. On the top of the wall of the arena was a railing of iron to protect those who sat on the first platform from any sudden spring of the wild beasts.

ORIGIN OF THE CIRCUS.

In antiquity, a large building, either round or oval, used among the Romans for the exhibition of chariot races, and other games. Some derive the word from Circe, to whom Tertullian attributes the invention. Cassiodorus says, Circus comes *a circuitu*. The circensian games appear to have been adopted by the Romans from the Etruscans in the earliest ages. Romulus established the games at the Circus almost as soon as his power, and the rape of the Sabines, which took place at the first exhibition of these games, probably led him to dedicate them to Consus, the giver of good counsels. The circus at first was a wooden enclosure, in which the spectators stood, a few seats being placed for the most distinguished persons. It is said that in the earliest periods of these exhibitions, the goals or terms, round which the chariots were obliged to turn, were armed with several swords, presenting their points towards the horses, thus increasing the interest of the contest by the dangers to which it was exposed. This circumstance has given rise to a singular etymology, adopted by Cassiodorus and Isidorus—*ludi circenses quasi circum enses*.

The first permanent circus at Rome was built in the year B.C. 329, by Tarquinius Priscus, in the valley of Murcia, between the Aventine and Palatine hills. It was an oblong building, without a roof, in which public chariot races and exhibitions of pugilism and wrestling took place. It was rectangular, except that one short side formed a half circle; the entrance was at the opposite end. Within, on each side of the entrance, were six arcades, where the chariots stood. On both the sides, and on the semicircular end, were the seats of the spectators, rising gradually one above another, like steps, and resting on strong arches. At the foot of the seats there was a broad ditch, called *euripus*, to prevent the wild beasts from leaping among the spectators. Within was an open space (*arena*) covered with sand, where the games were exhibited. This space was divided lengthwise into two parts by a wall (*spina*) 12 feet thick and 6 high, adorned with little temples, altars, statues, obelisks, pyramids, and conical towers. Of these last (*metæ*) there were three at each end, which served as goals, round which the circuits were made. By the first *meta*, opposite the curved end of the circus, there were seven other pillars, with oval balls (*ova*) on their summits. One of these balls was taken down for every circuit. On the outside, the circus was surrounded with colonades, galleries, shops, and public places. Tarquinius Priscus projected the plan of this building, and some of the wealthy senators completed it. It obtained the appellation of *Circus Maximus*, from its great superiority in size to there of a later date, and it was for a length of time the only circus in Rome. Julius Cæsar enlarged and ornamented it, and it was rebuilt and richly ornamented by Augustus. Under Nero it was burnt, and under Antoninus Pius pulled down. Trajan rebuilt it, and Constantine made further additions to it. It is described by Dionysius, of Harlicarnassus, as surrounded by a portico, and having numerous staircases, so well distributed as to avoid any confusion of the spectators in entering or returning. Its length was 9,331½ feet, and the breadth 2,187 feet. According to Aurelius Victor, it was capable of containing 385,000 spectators. This great magnificence, however, was not sufficient for the successors of Augustus, since Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, all made additions to it. Of this superb edifice there only remains some intermediate vestiges on a level with the ground. Tradition has preserved its remembrance, for at Rome the place is still called *Circhi*, which marks the site of this enormous pile, at present occupied by gardens and the cemetery of the Jews.

The circus at this time had what was called the *podium*, which was a long open platform, or passage, leading quite round the edifice, at an elevation of some feet from the area of the circus. The podium was considered as the place of honor, into which only the principal magistrates, the pontiffs, vestals, and persons of imperial rank entered. It seems that the seats on the podium were not permanent, since it was the privilege of those who had places there to send their magisterial chairs.

The great circuses, as well as the theatres and amphitheatres, were divided into several ranges of seats, for the purpose of placing the spectators according to their condition. The ranks of seats were called *Maniana*, and of course there were as many precinctions and ambulatries as ranks of seats. To maintain order in such a concourse of people as attended the exhibition, there were persons called designators, who were to assign to every one his place, that there might be no mixture of persons of different ranks, a point in which Roman pride was very jealous. All the seats were covered with wood, which circumstance accounts for the fires which are mentioned to have happened in these edifices. It was a so customary for women to bring cushions, and stools to place their feet upon. The area of the circus was of earth, but probably beaten. Caligula and Nero carried the extravagant luxury so far as to cover the area with chrysocolla and minium, disposed in regular figures.

The games exhibited in the circus were celebrated regularly on certain fixed days, and were named from various deities, as Apollo, Flora, Ceres, Saturn, Consus, Bacchus, &c. They were more or less magnificent, according to the ritual; some were celebrated only once in a century, and were therefore called secular. Some were instituted for the birth day of the emperor; others for every lustrem, which were called *vota quinquennalia*. The games sometimes lasted for several days. There were public funds appropriated to defray the expenses, but they were frequently given by individuals who aspired to popular favor. Till the time of the elder Tarquin, they were held on an island of the Tiber, and were called Roman games: after that prince had built the Circus, they took their name therefrom, as being constantly held there. The following were the exercises in the arena: A splendid procession opened the festival, after having marched through all the principal streets of the city. The chief magistrate led the procession. Before him was carried the image of the winged goddess of Fortune (*Fortunata Pista*). Then came the images of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Apollo, Diana; after the death of Julius Cæsar, his image was introduced. These images were in splendid covered chariots, drawn by horses or mules, stags, camels, elephants, also sometimes by lions, panthers, or tigers. After the pompous procession of gods, followed rows of boys, who had lost either father or mother, and who led the horses to be used in the races. After these, followed the sons of the patricians, from 15 to 16 years of age, armed, part on horseback, part on foot. After these came the magistrates of the city, and the senate. The sons of knights, on horseback and on foot, brought up the rear. Then followed the chariots and horses destined for the races, and the different *athletæ*, as pugilists, wrestlers, runners, all naked, except a covering about the loins. In this procession were included the dancers, youths and boys, arranged in rows, according to their age. They wore violet colored garments, with brass belts, and carried swords and short spears. The men were helmets. Each division was preceded by a man who led the windings of the dance. The musicians followed, including a number of persons dressed like Silent and Satyrs, who, with large wreaths of flowers in their hands, exhibited various sportive dances, with a company of musicians behind them. To this exhibition of wild, unrestrained joy, succeeded the religious pomp. First came the *camilli*—boys whom the priests employed in the sacrifices—then the servants who took part in it; after these the *haruspices*, with their knives; and the butchers, who led the victims to the altar; the different order of priests, with their servants; first, the high priest (*pontifex Maximus*) and the other *pontifices*; then the *flamines*, then the augurs, the *quindecim viri* with the Sybilline books, the vestal virgins, then the remaining inferior orders of priests, according to their rank. The images of the gods brought up the rear; sometimes, also, a pompous show of treasure, the spoils of war. In the circus, the procession went round once in a circle, and the sacrifices were then performed. The spectators took their places, the music struck up, and the games commenced. These were, first—Races with horses and chariots—these were so honorable, that men of the highest rank engaged in them. Second, Wrestling and fighting with swords, staves, and pikes. Third, Saltatic dancing. Fourth, Discl, quoits, arrows, and cestes; all which were on foot. Fifth was horse coursing: the sixth, course of chariots, whether with two horses or with four.

Each exhibition consisted of twenty five courses, and each course of four chariots; thus the whole number of chariots required was one hundred. The chariots had at first only two horses, and were called *bigæ*. In process of time there was added another horse, which was called *funarius*, because he was attached to the car by a rope; at length one more was added, and the car became *quadrida*, which was the most general practice. But sometimes the directors of the game added to each car a fifth horse, with a rider; and in the inscription relating to Diocles, there are even mentioned six and seven horses abreast. The light cars used in these games had two wheels, and were nearly balanced upon the axle: the front, which was circular, had a kind of parapet, about the height of the driver's knee; the charioteer mounted behind, and stood upon the floor of the chariot. All the horses used had their tails cut short, and they were so accustomed to the contest, that they often ran without the whip. Pliny relates that once a charioteer having fallen from his car, the horses performed the course in the usual manner, and gained the palm. The drivers were generally slaves, though sometimes persons of rank and fortune exercised this art for amusement. They wore a round helmet, fastened under the chin, to defend their heads in case of a fall. A crooked knife, stuck among the bells, was an essential part of their equipment; for as the reins were fastened around the middle of the driver, he would, if he happened to fall from his chariot, have been killed by being dragged around the circle, if he had not had the means of cutting the reins. A white chalk line was drawn across the circus, to mark the begining and the termination of the course. The charioteers were permitted to clash with and overturn their adversaries, provided it did not happen before they entered into the course. The victor obtained a palm, and, in later times, a crown. He was called *bravium*, which term is apparently the origin of bravo, and brave, in modern languages. The spectators frequently remained whole nights and days in the circus, exposed to the weather, and without leaving their places to take any refreshments. The expense of the games was often immense. Pompey, in his second consulship, brought forward 500 lions at one combat of wild beasts, which, with 18 elephants, were slain in five days. There was, also, a representation of naval engagements (*naumachiæ*), for which purpose the circus could be laid under water.

During the reign of King Charles the Second, a Mr. James Hall flourished as a rope dancer, and, according to all accounts, he was the finest specimen of the human form then in England. He was admired alike for the symmetry and elegance of his figure, and for his strength and agility. In the exercise of his art he exhibited the powers of a Hercules, while in his person were displayed the charms of an Adonis. Hall is said to have rivalled his Sovereign in the affections of the famous Duchess of Cleveland, from whom he received a regular salary. The wits of the time made the most of this tender *liason*, and many a song and lampoon, of which it was the fruitful subject, redounded much more to the honor of the rope dancer than to that of her Grace. But such things were common in that profligate reign, and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that notwithstanding the notoriety of this intercourse between Hall and the royal favorite, his majesty was so blind to her faults, that to him at least she only appeared still more handsome. Pope has some caustic lines in allusion to this subject in his "Sober Advise from Horace."

The first exhibition of tight rope performances took place in Philadelphia, on what was then called Society Hill, in the year 1724. A booth was erected, and the show continued in that location for a few days. The performers were a woman and a boy, whose names are not given in the programmes. The exhibition was not of a high order of merit. The "boy capered on the tight rope." The woman danced on the same elastic cord, with baskets tied to her feet, and she walked upon the same unsubstantial path, trundling a wheel-barrow before her.

As early as 1771, equestrian performances were given in Centre Square, Philadelphia, where a tent was pitched under the management of one Faulks. As ring exercises were then uncommon, Mr. F. thought it judicious to give a detailed description of his feats. The following was the programme of his final exhibition:—

Mr. Faulks intends presenting his feats in horsemanship for the benefit of the prisoners confined in the gaol of the city.

1. He mounts a single horse, standing in the saddle, and rides him, playing the French horn.

2. He mounts two horses, one foot in each horse's stirrup, putting them into full speed, throwing himself upon his back, managing them in the same manner as if he had the advantage of a common seat, and rises again, all on the same spot.

3. He mounts three in the saddle, and rides them in full speed, vaulting from one to the other.

4. He concludes his performance by riding on a single horse at full speed, dismounting and mounting many times, and will, in that stretch, dismount freely with both feet on the ground, vault clear over the horse, back again, and mount on the "near side."

These feats were much inferior to those which we see in the circus at the present day, but they must have excited a great stir among our anti revolutionary inhabitants.

In September, 1772, one Bates, an equestrian visited Philadelphia, and opened at Centre Square. There were no night exhibitions, and about dusk the equestrian ceased, and the audience dispersed. After giving several exhibitions, Mr. B. concluded with a charity performance, in imitation of his illustrious predecessor, Faulks, on the 4th of November, 1772. The following was the programme:—

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. Bates intending in a short time to leave the Province, and being desirous of manifesting his gratitude to this city, proposes to exhibit on Thursday next, all his various feats in

HORSEMANSHIP,

having confidence in the general attendance of the citizens, as the sum which may then be collected shall be deposited in the Hands of three Gentlemen of Reputation, who will apply it, in the advancing inclement season, to the relief of such modest poor as have experienced better days. The doors to be opened at three o'clock, and to mount precisely at four."

Centre Square was on the south side of Market street, between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth streets. Here, August 15th, 1785, was erected the first circus which was built in Philadelphia. One Poole, an American equestrian, was the adventurer. Among his performances was the introduction of three horses, who laid themselves down as if dead: one would groan apparently through extreme sickness and pain; afterwards rise and make his manners to the ladies and gentlemen: another having laid down for a considerable time, would rise and set up like a Lady's Lap Dog.

"Tickets for the first seats, at five shillings; and for the second, three shillings and ninepence each, may be had at the two coffee houses. N. B.—Mr. Poole beseeches the ladies and gentlemen who honor him with their presence, to bring no dogs with them."

In 1787, the circus was used by Bates as a riding school. Poole claimed the distinction of being "the first American who ever exhibited feats of equestrianism on the continent."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THEATRICAL SQUIBS,

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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"If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked."

THE POISONED GHOST.

When Kemble was in the zenith of his fame, he had an engagement at the Newcastle theatre to play Hamlet on a certain night. The leading actor of that company was Bensley, an artist of the old school, who on this occasion was the cast of the Ghost. The high popularity of Kemble rendered his name an attractive feature in the bills, and with the jealousy inherent in theatricals, Bensley was much annoyed at having to second the greatness of the London star. He, however, studied the part, but having received it at short notice, in much tribulation, in his usual cold, sententious manner, walking about all day studying and slapping his forehead, anxiously waiting for the night, and as anxiously wishing it was over; amazingly tormented by an apprehension, that the affair would in some way or other injure his reputation. When the time for dressing came, Bensley's fears were not a jot abated: he put on the leather armor, which fitted him horribly, cursing by turns the Ghost, the armor, and the manager. At length the curtain rang up, and it occurred to Bensley, that a moderate draught, taken in time, might give him firmness, and thereupon still repeating his part at intervals, he summoned his dresser to his aid. "Dresser! 'Mark me!' (repeating his character) 'if ever thou didst thy dear father love.' I am not in the habit of taking strong liquors on the nights on which I perform, but dresser—prithee go to the public-house over the way, and bring me a small glass of brandy and water." When the brandy and water came, the first scene going on all this while—Bensley drank it off at a draught; but as he set the empty vessel down, to his surprise he perceived a strong sediment at the bottom of it; he immediately sent the dresser back to "The Crown," desiring him to enquire what the landlord meant by sending him so filthy a potation. Within the next minute he was called to go upon the stage—and still grumbling about the liquor and the character, he walked down stairs, and made his *entrée* as the buried majesty of Denmark: but no sooner had John Kemble—with 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us'—started on one side, than his eye caught the lady of the Crown, who, with imploring eye and uplifted hands, beckoned him to come off. Bensley made up his mind that the woman was frantic, and went on with his part as well as he could, it being in that scene only dumb show—beckoning and signing to Hamlet very solemnly with his truncheon, and looking cannon-balls over his shoulder at the landlady, who was so vociferous as to be heard almost at the back of the gallery: at length the time of exit came:—

"What the devil, madam, is the matter with you."

"The matter! oh, Mr. Bensley, oh! forgive me—on my knees—poor miserable sinner that I am."

"Why what, in the name of the fiend, ails the woman?"

"The glass—brandy and water, Sir—red arsenic—oh! Sir, you are poisoned."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Bensley.

"Oh, yes; oh! forgive me; my eldest daughter set the glass on the shelf with red arsenic in it for the rats; I mixed it in the dusk, there was no candle: oh! on my knees!"——as the written part dropped from his hand, the scene had shifted, and Kemble addressed himself to Bensley:—

"Come, Sir, the stage is waiting."

"Sir, I cannot help that, I am poisoned."

"Oh, poisoned! nonsense; the people, my dear sir, are hissing in the pit already."

"Sir, I——what can I do? I tell you I am poisoned—they don't suppose I'm in the agonies of death."

"Well, but my dear Bensley, if you are poisoned, you can play this one scene—what are we to do?"

At last Kemble, who did not perfectly understand what it all meant, absolutely hurried him on the stage, and they began the scene together; Bensley playing the ghost under the full conviction that, in five minutes, he should be a ghost in earnest: the play, under these auspicious circumstances, proceeding thus:—

Hamlet.—Whither wilt thou lead me—speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost.—Mark me! (I shan't be able to go much further.)

Hamlet.—Alas! poor Ghost.

Ghost.—Pity me not, (I'm a dead man, I'm poisoned;) I'm your father's spirit, (oh! that cursed brandy and water,) Doom'd for a certain time to walk—(this is my last night.)

Hamlet.—Oh! Heaven!

Ghost.—Murder most foul—(keeps the Crown over the way) as in the best it is; (Is the doctor come?) but this most strange, foul, and unnatural—(I shall never get through it.)

Hamlet.—Haste me to know it.

Ghost.—Sleeping within mine orchard—(oh! that cursed public-house) my custom always in the afternoon, (brandy and water) with juice of cursed hebenon—(red arsenic) the leprous distillment—(meant for the rats.)

Hamlet.—Oh! my prophetic soul, mine uncle!

Ghost.—(Keeps the Hotel over the way—she's beckoning me off now. I'm poisoned.)

Hamlet.—(Are you serious?)

Ghost.—(I'm dying with red arsenic. I must go off.)

Hamlet.—(Stay a little, you will descend immediately.)

Ghost.—Oh! I am thy father's spirit; (cursed brandy.)

Hamlet.—Go on, I'll follow thee. (Go off, I'll apologise.)

Mr. Kemble then addressed the audience—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am placed in a most extraordinary situation. Mr. Bensley is taken so suddenly and alarmingly ill, that he finds it impossible to continue his part at present; but hopes, with your kind indulgence, to be able in a few minutes to proceed." The audience received the apology very kindly, and the curtain fell. In the mean time, a medical man had been sent for, who examined the said poisonous glass, and declared that whatever it contained, it was any thing else but arsenic. In the end it turned out, that the dresser having himself brought the brandy and water to the theatre, had accidentally let fall in the glass, a lump of rose-pink, intended to make blood for the murder in the ensuing melo-drama—and so ended this ludicrous scene.

GHOSTS AND TOM CATS.

A London actor was some years since playing in Ireland, (seven nights at different theatres for a benefit at each,) having completed his engagement, and taken his benefit at Cork, he wished to get forward as he could to Limerick; and it being a fine moonlight night, he resolved to lose no time, but to start at the moment the play was over, and thus by travelling all night to expedite his journey. He got into a noddy, (a single-horse chaise, with a man to drive,) and after travelling some few miles fell asleep, when he was roused by the splashing of the horse's feet in the water, and on looking out, he found he was up to the axle tree, though on the right was a good dry road. He called to the man, and asked him why he did not keep the road instead of the water. "Hush! hush!" cries Pat; "do not speak now for the soul of you—I will tell you presently!" The actor was quiet for some few minutes, still the fellow kept in the water by choice. "Do you mean to drown me?" exclaimed the actor; "get on the road, or I will blow your brains out!" "Upon my sou', master," replied Pat, "it is impossible." "Why so?" says the actor. "Only look up upon the top of the cliff over the road, and dare's a great big church yard." "Well, sir, and what of that?" "Sir, it is all full of *ghosts!*" "Get out, you stupid blockhead!" "Don't you believe in ghostes, sir?" "No, fool!" "Then very likely you won't believe I was driving a noddy past dis very spot last Saturday night at twelve o'clock, and saw a great big white cock ghost sitting upon the church wall." "Well, and pray what was it like?" "For all the world like a great big white tom cat." "Pooh! then it was a *great big* tom cat." "A tom cat'd——n your eyes, sir! would you per suade me a tom cat would be fool enough to get out of a warm bed at twelve at night, to go sit upon a church wall, to make believe he was a ghost? answer me dat."

TOM KING AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

The facetious Tom King, once walking through the streets of Philadelphia, where he was then performing, was met by a chimney sweep, and his boy. The boy stopped and stared at him for some time; at length he exclaimed:—"Why I he's an actor!" "Hold your tongue, you dog!" said old sweepy; "you don't know what you may come to yourself!"

An How?—An actor who was much in debt (?!) being asked how he could sleep with such debts upon him, said:—"*I'Ae wonder is, how my creditors can sleep!*"

ENCORES.

The first encore on record is that given to Lord Andronicus, a Roman actor, who, according to the Valerius Maximus, was called back so often to repeat his speeches, that he in self defence brought a boy to declaim for him, while he himself supplied the gestures.

PARK THEATRE COMPANY.

In October, 1806, the following comprised the ladies and gentlemen at the Park Theatre, New York. Gentlemen:—Allen, Cooper, Darley, Hallam, Harwood, Hogg, Martin, Oliff, Robertson, Twaits, Sauber, and Tyler. Ladies:—Mrs. Darley, Jones, Oldmixon, Simpson, Villiers, Wheatley; Miss Pettit and Miss White.

ORIGIN OF HISSING.

Formerly there was no hissing in the theatre. The audience were contented to yawn and fall asleep. The invention of hissing originated in 1680, and occurred at the first representation of "Aspar," a tragedy of Fontenelle. So we are told by the poet Roi, in his *Brevet de la Calotte*, where he says, in speaking of Fontenelle,

"Autour d' Aspar cauvra immortelle,
Par le Siffet, qui Sortit d' elle."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 6m*
Baltimore, Md..Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st., (basement). 15-3m*
Cleveland, O.....T. J. Quinlan & Co., 174 Ontario street. 18-6m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*

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In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Dargoll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

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CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,
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ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced.

LIST OF ARTISTES FOR 1860-61.

A. V. HERANDEZ, HARRY LEHR,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX, W. ALONZO OWENS,
H. S. RUMSEY, M'LLE ROSATI,
LITTLE BOBBY, JULES HUDSON,
E. FRENCHANI, YOUNG LANGLOISE,
MONS. B YATESIE, CARL DE VINCENT,
J. GARATEQUI, T. D. STANLEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB.

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.

CARD EXPLANATIVE.

Until the present season we have announced ourselves as RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was our's by *inheritance*, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But men lacking force, integrity, talent or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as Cooleys do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously coined publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of the Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the VAGRANTS above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and assume that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now travelling or living, save ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

H. S. RUMSEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB,
18tf Managers and Proprietors.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
J. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27th, AND EVERY EVENING.
N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most *recherche* style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience, the Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.

☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY. ☜

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For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

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Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
31-4f SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

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CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
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Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
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Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
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NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
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"VENI, VIDI, VICI."
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
26-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

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The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
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CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Sothern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.
32-tf J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST CONDUCTED
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
Visited by Ladies as well as Gentlemen.
NO FEMALE WAITERS.
No Lady admitted without Gentlemen.
GREAT ATTRACTION.
The proprietors take this opportunity to announce to their friends and patrons in general, that they have procured the celebrated Professor M. LA ROSE, from Paris, for this week only, in a series of performances of
MARBLE STATUE TABLEAUX,
After the manner of Professor Keller, taken from Scripture.
No expense nor exertions have been spared to make this the most perfect exhibition during the coming Holidays
N.B.—These Tableaux are not to be compared with the exhibitions of the so-called Model Artists. The greatest attention to morality is paid.
First week of the Ballet Master Sig. C CONSTANTIN, and the
BAVARIAN CHILDREN.
GRAND CORPS DE BALLET
In connection with the following unrivalled Company:—

Mad. E. PARAVELLI,	Mr. N. BERRY,
Miss SOPHIA WALTON,	Mr. W. PIERCE,
Miss CECELIA MORLEY,	Mr. R. PARKER,
Mad. DEHLOW,	Mr. H. WECHTEL,
Miss ROSALIA,	Mr. LIEFOLD,
Mad. CONSTANTIN,	Mr. R. GRAECIO,
Miss ADELAIDE,	Mons. LA ROSE,
Miss MASON,	Master GEORGE,

Sig. CONSTANTIN.
By desire, the grand Burlesque called
THE MASQUERADE BALL.
The Orchestra is under the Leadership of Mr. HIRSCMANN.
ADMISSION.....SIX CENTS ONLY.
SIX CENTS ADMISSION.
Every Sunday Evening
GRAND SACRED INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.
A Band of 40 Musicians
36 1t* O CONNOR, SIOH & CO.

A CIRCUS ON ITS TRAVELS.
The Circus Company long and favorably known as
LENTON, NICHOLLS & CO'S,
Will perform at Buenos Ayres, and the principal points along the Atlantic Coast, and at Rio Janeiro, immediately on its arrival at those places; expecting to be at the latter about March. The following are among the engagements.—

MR. LENTON,	MASTER BLISS,
W. W. NICHOLLS,	MASTER JOHN LENTON,
MR. FRED. RENTZ,	MISS BLISS,
CHARLES BLISS	

35 5t*

WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.
FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A MORRIS, W. H. BROCKWAY, } Managers and Proprietors.
FIRST ANNUAL TOUR.
FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
GEMS OF THE PROFESSION.

GEO. W. SHEPARD,	C. REYNOLDS,
M. T. SKIFF,	A. WEAVER,
S. C. EMERY,	A. JONES,
C. A. BOYD,	LITTLE BARNEY,
W. FIELD,	W. H. BROCKWAY,
W. FORDUKES,	J. D. BURTON,
FRED. WILSON,	W. BLAIR,

And CHAS. A. MORRIS.
The above gentlemen have been selected from the best companies in the world for their individual talent, which combined, make them equal to any Troupe ever organized. They will make a short tour previous to
OPENING IN BOSTON.
CHAS. A. MORRIS, Agent.
FRED. WILSON, Business Manager. 34 4t*

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
IN THE WORLD.
GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—

W. PEAK, SR.,	LISEITE M. PEAK,
MRS. W. PEAK,	ANNIE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. PEAK,	MASTER FRANK PEAK,
LEWIS M. PEAK.	

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
Imported expressly for this Company, and the only sett of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal cities and towns in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.
W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 34

BOOKER & EVARTS'
GREAT
SOUTHERN MINSTRELS.
Composed of
THE ELITE
Of the
ETHIOPIAN PROFESSION.
TEN STAR PERFORMERS,
WHOSE TALENTS
AND ABILITIES
HAVE NEVER
BEEN EQUALLED
BY ANY OTHER
BAND OF
MINSTRELS IN
THE WORLD.
This splendid
CORPS OF ARTISTES
Are now Performing to
CROWDED HOUSES
Through the
NEW ENGLAND STATES.
33-tf CHAS. J. WALTER, Agent.

ART UNION CONCERT HALL,
499 BROADWAY.
The most popular
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
Open every evening, with the following talent:—
Miss ANNIE BORDWELL, the unrivalled Soprano, in ballads, Scotch songs, and gems from the operas.
Miss KATE PARTINGTON, the Champion Jig Dancer.
Miss P. JONES, Comic Vocalist and Danseuse.
Little NELLY GREY, the Infant Wonder.
W. BORDWELL, Comic Vocalist and Burlesque Actor.
COOL BURGESS, the original Bob Ridley
BILLY JACOBS, Comic Vocalist and Eccentric Comedian.
W. WEST, Ethiopian Comedian.
TOM BROOKFIELD, in Songs and Dances.
R. HARRISON, in his great Imitations.
Young DAN WILLIAMS, the greatest Banjoist in the world.
Together with FIFTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, besides the largest and most efficient Orchestra in the city, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH BRAHAM.
SMITH & HARRISON, Proprietors.
W. BORDWELL, Stage Manager. 31

GRAND HOLIDAY ATTRACTION at the Brooklyn Athenæum, cor. Atlantic and Clinton sts., by the BROTHERS LUBIN (Frederick and Jerome), the Champion WIZARDS, NECROMANCERS AND VENTRILOQUISTS, on Monday evening, Dec 24, and Christmas and Wednesday afternoon at 3, and evening at 8 o'clock. The Athenæum will be transformed into a magnificent *Palace de Prestige*, displaying their costly gold and silver apparatus, and likewise a new *Theatre de Art*, or Mechanical Automatons. Admission 25 cts.; children 13.
36 1t*

BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO, ILL.—This new Hall is by far the largest and most elegant in this city, and pronounced by musicians and showmen unsurpassed in the Union.
36 5t* THOS B. BRYAN.

SECOND SIGHT MYSTERY EXPOSED.—Just published, in a book of 96 pages, "How Robert Heller and others Perform the Second Sight Mystery." Sent free of postage on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps to WYMAN, THE VENTRILOQUIST,
32-6t* Philadelphia, Pa.

BANJO TAUGHT WITHOUT A MASTER.—In reply to hundreds of letters received daily, we beg to say we will send Twelve Written lessons on the Banjo for $2. The lessons are not by note, but simply by figures, enabling a child to play from them.
36 1t* G. C. DOBSON & BRO., 150 Variek st., N. Y.

INFORMATION WANTED—Of a young man named HERVEY, partner in the circus establishment of Jones, Delluc & Hervey, which started in May last from Palestine to Waco. It is feared that some injury has been inflicted on Mr. Hervey; and any formation respecting him, forwarded to the CLIPPER, would be thankfully received by his mother. 36

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY.
THE LARGEST AND BEST CONDUCTED PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
CAPABLE OF SEATING THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE.
Acknowledged by all to be the only attraction of the present day suited to the tastes of the masses.
No extra charge for mirrors or revolving chairs, as a minor would-be Concert Hall does.
No clap trap humbugs driving through the streets.
No names on our programmes but those who are actually engaged and performing
The following talent will appear every evening, in a variety of Songs, Acts, Dances, Burlesques, Pantomimes, etc.
EVA BRENT.

EVA BRENT.	EVA BRENT.

Whose talent is indisputable, and the greatest favorite that has ever been in New York.
CHARLEY WHITE

CHARLEY WHITE	CHARLEY WHITE

The greatest Negro Comedian in the world.

L. SIMMONS,	BILLY QUINN,
O. A SEARLES,	OLD TOM WILSON,
FRED. SHAW,	MONS. LA THORNE,
HARRY LESLIE.	T. WIDLEY,

M'LLE FLORA.

MISS MARY BLAKE,	MISS KATE HARRISON,
MISS JENNY CHRISTINE.	MISS JULIA CHRISTINE,
MISS MARY FLORENCE,	MISS ELIZA FLORENCE

And a host of others, too numerous to mention.
R. W. BUTLER.....Proprietor.
36 Mons. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY.
One of our rivals of small note, publishes a Card in addition to their regular advertisement, in which they say "it is with unfeigned sorrow," &c Well may they be sorry, and well may their bile rise, when they know and feel the influence which the American Concert Hall exerts over their receipts. We are glad to learn (so that the question may be always settled), who is right Webster or Worcester; and the public will ever be indebted to our "contemporary" for said information. Our establishment is too well known to need any comment; although our chairs do not revolve, nor does a large number of advertising mirrors grace the walls of our establishment, yet what we lack in these we make up in talent. The voice of the charming Eva Brent is to be heard throughout our halls. The well known and popular Charley White, and a host of others, whose talents are unquestionable, are nightly to be seen and heard, and the tremendous applause which greets them is a fair index of the public's appreciation. We have always taken especial pains in the personel of our establishment, and immoralities are neither countenanced or tolerated. One thing more, and we have done—what we consider our duty. This is an American institution, and our stock is not imported. We have the newest and best of native talent, instead of old and "played out" foreign importations. We are aware that we have a refined and fastidious public to cater for, and we have always and will ever be up to the "spirit of the age." It is a well known fact that foxes have holes, and consequently those who wish to see a fox must visit a hole. (A natural conclusion.) It is not our intention to wage a newspaper war; but when we are slandered by foreigners on our own soil we consider it our bounden duty to make plain the facts of the case; and we have no doubt that the American people are too familiar already with a "big thing" a la anglaise, vide Great Eastern, to heed the croakings of those who come from the land of frogs and ale.
W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

TO SHOWMEN.—For Sale; Five Panoramas, of the following subjects:— KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE,
ISLAND OF CUBA,
SCOTLAND,
WAR IN INDIA,
WHALING VOYAGE,
Also Forty Life Size Wax Figures, One Educated Bull, Don Juan, Jr. The above will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for other property. GEORGE K. GOODWIN, 117 Court street, Boston.
N. B.—Cash paid for rare Animals. 36 1t*

CHARLIE MELVILLE'S MINSTRELS,
Consisting of FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their Annual Tour,
IN NEW BALLADS, SONGS, GLEES, QUARTETTES, CHORUSSES, BURLESQUES, &c.
The Company consists of the following Talent:—

CHARLIE MELVILLE,	GEO CHILCOAT,
CHARLEY LEWIS,	WM WILSON,
D. M. HOLT,	CHAS. ARTHUR,
L. H. RINK,	G. S. WILLIAMS,
D. P. ENGLISH,	J. V. VAN DUYN,
WM. BLYTHE,	GEO. AKARMAN,
A. MORRIS,	JAMES GORDON.

36 tf MELVILLE & AKARMAN, Proprietors.

VENTRILOQUISM MADE EASY.—Just published, a book of 96 pages, explaining how every body may become a Ventriloquist. Sent free of postage, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps, to
29-10t* WYMAN, The Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec. 17, '60.

It is coming. The panic has now touched our amusements, and every establishment felt the effects of it, to a greater or less extent, last week. It is astonishing that our theatres have been able to hold up so well for such a length of time as they have done. Every description of business received the shock almost immediately after the result of the recent Presidential election became known, and yet our places of amusement have weathered the storm for more than a month, all of them doing a really excellent business; but the crisis has come at last, and though the worst will not be felt until after the holidays, yet it will require the most careful attention on the part of managers to stem the tide for the short time that will intervene, ere the New Year sets in. Should a compromise between the North and South be effected in the meantime, however, the season will continue as it commenced, and such a business done as was never before experienced. But on the other hand, should the impending dissolution, or revolution become a fixed fact, every place of public resort will have as much as they can attend to, to ward off dissolution among themselves. Yes, it is coming. The preliminary signal was given last week, and the theatres bent beneath the first blast. We took a run around during the week, visiting the many places of amusement, with which the Metropolis abounds, and in nearly all were empty benches to be seen. In the South, the panic reached the theatres before it did those in the North, and New Orleans, and other cities on the other side of "Dixie's Land," will have a severe struggle to weather the gale, and keep from foundering. The disastrous effects of secession, and a rupture of the Union, are making their way northward, and what the end may be, it is fearful to contemplate. It is to be hoped, however, that the exigencies of the times may produce another Clay, a Webster, and such patriotic statesmen, by whose wise counsels the impending overthrow of the American confederation may be averted. Now, when it is too late, the conservative feeling predominates in the North. Had a little more of this Union feeling been manifested on election day, and had the South as well as the North taken middle ground, and concentrated their forces on the Bell and Everett ticket—the only real conservative or Union ticket—a different state of affairs would characterise the political elements of the present time, and prosperity, union, and fraternity would have encircled the glorious galaxy of States that form the Great American Republic. Instead of this, however, the hot headed fanatics of the North and South divided their forces, shunned the conservative ticket, and thus assisted in the election of a sectional President. Bell and Everett would have carried the Union through—all admit this, now that the die is cast. But let us prepare for the worst, and if good counsels prevail, our pleasure and enjoyment will be the more complete. Many projected improvements in the world of amusements have been given up for the present, and the end is not yet. Let all prepare for the coming storm.

Forrest's nights, at Niblo's, have felt the pressure. We attended on Wednesday evening last, and although the weather was fair, yet there were quite a number of vacant seats here and there. We do not think the "improvements" in Macbeth, as given here, are favorably received. Witches with low necks and short skirts look more suited to the ball room than to the "blasted heath." To bring up business to a crowded point, Mr. Forrest will have to give us a few of his sensation plays, as Jack Cade, Metamora, etc. The off nights at Niblo's do not begin to pay expenses.

The New Orleans Circus Company, as Messrs. Spalding & Rogers style the troupe now performing at the Old Bowery, under their management, has experienced quite a falling off in patronage during the week. To show what reliability can be attached to the *Herald's* notices of theatres, we might state that last week the average attendance was but little more than half a house, if any more; yet in Tuesday's *Herald* it was announced that the theatre had crowded audiences every night. For the first two or three weeks business was really good, but since then the novelty has worn off, and though additions have been made to the troupe for the last week or two, the attendance has not come up to expectations.

Bryants' Hall of Minstrelsy has had good houses since our last, but not great. The burlesque of "Used Up," in which the entire troupe appear in a series of dramatic representations, has had a most favorable reception, for it is a little trifle in which the respective merits of the comedians are cleverly developed. A very entertaining bill of fare is announced for this week.

Still further improvements have been made in the oddity called the "Seven Sisters," now running at Laura Keene's. A new scene has been introduced, representing the Central Park skating grounds; and some little alteration has been made in the "birth of the butterfly," the tiny girl who represents the butterfly having had the necessary wings attached to her, and the effect of the "birth" is now more striking. The week closed with a fair balance in favor of Miss Laura, the houses having been, on the majority of nights, very well attended. Polly Marshall, whose absence we noticed in our last week's issue, has recovered from her indisposition, and now toes the scratch again. Bully for Polly! Laura is trying to bring the Zouaves to a better state of perfection in their drill. Last week there were several flaws in the manœuvres of this gallant little band of female loveliness.

We dropped in at the New Bowery Theatre on Friday evening last, to witness the equestrian drama of "Mazeppa." The evening was intensely cold, and the house was not full, although through the week, business was extremely good. The series of equestrian dramatic performances recently inaugurated at this house, in which Mr. Nathan's stud of horses took a prominent part, have been well placed on the stage, with splendid costumes, and all the necessary appurtenances. This style of entertainment seems to have been well received by the east side *habitues*, and will be continued for some time to come. Go and see the equestrian performances at the New Bowery.

Hooley & Campbell, with their accustomed managerial tact, are making great preparations for the holiday season; but in the meantime have brought out a spirited programme for the current week. The several great performers attached to this band have each a favorite part in the general list of attractions; and what with the eccentricities of Unsworth and Colton; the beautiful ballads of Campbell and Reeves; the terpsichorean display of Eugene; and the various special and general acts of the company, individually and collectively, there is no lack of attraction. Business during the week may be classed as middling, to fair.

The "Model Hypocrite," at Wallack's, has not proved a very good model; and, after a brief run, it has been laid upon the shelf. This week a new comedy is announced. Trade has not been very lively, financially speaking. One of the plays written by Mrs. Inchbald, entitled "To Marry or not to Marry," is the novelty here for the coming week, with a full cast, embracing all the "big guns" of the establishment. Having no special acquaintance with the "powers" at this theatre, and eschewing, from principle, the anticipation of plots of pieces, derived from confidential whispers, or attendance at night rehearsals, we shall not trouble the reader with any lengthened commentaries on this new piece, or rather old piece in a new suit of clothes. In place thereof, it is quite sufficient for our purpose to notice, by the way, the general failure attendant on the resurrection of those antique comedies, which, taken in the mass, are too faithful a reflex of the days long ago gone to evolve any particular delight or interest from modern audiences.

The present is the closing week of Mr. Edwin Booth's engagement at the Winter Garden. He will perform three Shakespearean characters in the mean time—Hamlet, Othello, and Romeo. On the latter occasion, a young lady, said to be of great theatrical promise, and the daughter of a celebrated physician, will make her first appearance as Juliet.

Sam Cowell commences his second engagement at Canterbury Hall, this evening, when he will give his favorite entertainment, including the dolorous history of Lord Lovell. The other attractions during the week are Mr. J. H. Ogden, Miss Adah Issacs Menken, Miss Emma Hotchingham, and the Carlo Family—altogether a goodly company.

At American Concert Hall, No. 444 Broadway, a rich variety is in store for this week, to which Charley White, Eva Brent, M'lle Flora, and numerous others whose names are familiar to the public, lend a charm. The ball of amusement goes rapidly round at this Hall, and carries along with it the plaudits and praises of the public generally.

At Barnum's, after a due illustration of the "moral drama," the drama of "Ice" is the great card for the present. This is only morally consistent, for if snow is a type of purity, and ice the same of chastity, as Hamlet says, then have we a poetical fitness between names and things, which, by implication at least, ought to be taken to the advantage of the Museum. At all events, the "Sea of Ice" is a seasonable drama, just now, and with the other curiosities, (including the double-voiced singer, the great snake charmer, and the thirty monster snakes,) will doubtless suit some of our holiday folks.

The legendary, equestrian drama of "Herne, the Hunter" is brought out this evening at the New Bowery Theatre, at an alleged cost of thousands of dollars, and Mr. J. J. Nathan's stud of twenty Arabian horses. Friend Herne was a fast man in his day, and even to the present time, his tree is shown to curious visitors, on the royal domain of Windsor. From the four-footed performers, who are to figure in the representation of the hunter, at the New Bowery, it may be concluded that the piece will be fast, in a positive sense, anyhow.

At the Art Union Concert Hall, No 497 Broadway, plenty of the right sort of amusement is to be found during the week. The company is a clever one, and very painstaking.

Never was the saying, "the end not yet," better exemplified than in the Forrest divorce case. After running through the court upwards of nine years, and in the interval from its commencement to the late supposed final decree in Mrs. Forrest's favor, giving opportunity for every sort of legal quibble and technicality, it yet seems that matters are not concluded, and that the case will come up again in the Superior Court, before the end of the current month. Mr. Forrest is fighting his way with all the obstinacy characteristic of his former opposition to the verdict, and being plentifully supplied with money, lawyers, as a matter of course, are ready to assist him. His counsel, Messrs. John Van Buren and James T. Brady, have already netted considerable sums out of the litigation, and will, it seems, realise more. On the contrary, the counsel for Mrs. Forrest, Mr. Charles O'Connor, who took up his brief on the prospect of payment in case of a verdict favorable to his client, has not received a cent—a circumstance which, in view of the turn matters have taken and the very long time that has elapsed, may be supposed to enhance Mr. O'Connor's zeal in working things to a climax. The alimony decree to Mrs. Forrest is $3000 a year, and this allowance, having run nine years, now figures up to $27,000, with costs—the whole amounting to near $40,000. Verily, a law suit is a terrible thing, and well might Hamlet number the "law's delays," seemingly inseparable from such a case, among the afflictions of this life.

Our friends of the German Volk's Garden, in the Bowery, seem determined not to be in the rear of any of the caterers for public amusement in our midst. After a week replete with capital things, they now come out with a bill more than usually strong, and combining something of a serious or epic character, with the fun-inspiring programme, in which their talented company take part. The Marble Statue Tableaux, the great feature for the current week, inaugurated, as the scenes will be, by M. La Rose, from Paris, will, we have no doubt, be found an instructive as well as pleasing exhibition. The Garden is a place of popular attraction in the truest sense of the term, and, as such, it is patronised.

"Charley Melville's Ballad Songster" is the title of a little book, containing the words of some of the most popular ballads of the day. F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, is the publisher.

Mr. James Cameron has just returned to the city, after a tour through the South, giving a musical and sparring entertainment. He reports things in that section as very so-so.

Mr. Charles M. Barras called at our office on the 15th inst., and expressed disapproval of the manner in which one of our Philadelphia correspondents had spoken of him and his lady, in our previous issue. The passage complained of was "Miss Sallie St. Clair and her husband failed to draw very good houses." Mr. Barras seemed to think he ought to have been more plainly specified in the connection; also that the houses he and his lady did attract were, in view of the times, not to be slighted. Out of a spirit of fair play, and to render all possible justice to Mr. Barras, we publish these particulars.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Charley Melville's Minstrels, a new organization, made their first stand at Jersey City on the 15th inst. The company consists of the following performers:—C Melville, balladist; Charley Lewis, bones; D. M. Holt, tamborinist; Frank Wells, wenches; D P. English, basso; A. Morris, second tenor and interrogator; William Blythe, cornet; L. H Rink, "flutenist." [this word is according to the programme, but not according to Webster; however, our minstrel friends have a "poetic license" allowed them, and they are not slow to take advantage of it.] Geo. Chilcothe, baritone; Wm Wilson—not our Billy—1st violin; Chas. Arthur, 2d violin; G. S. Williams, guitar; J. V. Van Duyn, (is it Jim, the Butcher?) tenor; Geo. Akarman, piccolo; and Jas. Gordon, second "flutenist." We hope our Melville Minstrel friends may do a fair share of business in their perambulations.

Adelina Patti will sing in New Orleans about the 19th inst. There is a chance, we believe, of her appearing in opera for a brief season at the Opera House in the above city.

An entertainment came off last week at Newville, Cumberland county, Penn., under the management of the Independent Club of that place. The piece known as "Yankee Land" was acted on the occasion, with a variety of singing and instrumental music.

On the 4th inst an amateur performance was given at Quebec, by the officers in garrison. Coleman's "Poor Gentleman" was the play, and the acting of the military "outsiders" is spoken of as having been worthy the "regulars" of the profession.

The Cotton Plantation Fair opened at Macon, Ga., on the 10th, and the show people were betimes in attendance. The great plowing match was to have taken place on the 15th. Among the shows present were the Chinese Jugglers; L. Hubbell, "The American Sampson," a strong attraction; Jane Campbell (Mrs. Pishon) the Connecticut Fat Girl; and last, though by no means least, Colonel Vedder and Major Burnell's "Museum of Living Wonders," consisting of Vantile Mack, the Infant Giant, the Walters Dwarf Family, the Mammoth Anaconda, Japanese Mice, and "Wax Figgers." The fair is expected to continue three weeks, and the showmen are doing a fair business.

The Old Memphis Theatre is now in the hands of the "irrepressible Nigger" representatives, and the cork operas now performing there seem to "hit 'em hard." Julia Barton entrances the "gods of the pit" by her singing of "Angels Now are on the Wing." And the aforesaid gods, while caught in the meshes of the net of "lovely Jule," think not of the "gal they left behind them."

The following items are from our correspondent on the other side of the Atlantic. It is evident that he keeps himself well posted on affairs in general:—Darlington, County of Devon, England, Nov. 24th, 1860.—FRIEND QUEEN: I send you these few items to let you know what is going on over here in the way of amusement, etc. Mr. Joseph Proctor, the American tragedian, has just concluded a successful engagement in London; he opens in Leeds on the 26th. James Anderson has just concluded an unsuccessful engagement there; I saw him play in "Ingomar" and another piece to five pounds; bad business for a star.....They have played "Colleen Bawn," at the Adelphi Theatre, London, for seventy five nights, and it still draws crowded houses. Agnes and Dion Bourcicault are great cards, but Dion is in law here—the same as he was in the States—and I think that is what makes him so popular.....Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, the managers of Covent Garden Opera, are making another fine season.....On the 27th we have the re-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves in his opera of "Robin Hood," which I think is a dull affair.....Mr. T. P. Hutchinson, the blind gymnast, had a fine benefit on the 16th, at Astley's Amphitheatre.....The Ohio Minstrels (manager, Col. James) are at the Royal Surrey Gardens; Frank Diamond appears there every evening as Bob Ridley, and in his American Silver Belt Jig.....The Ethiopians, at Canterbury Hall, are drawing crowded houses. Joe Brown is the favorite. Joe's benefit at the Victoria Theatre, on the 23d, was a good one.....We have a new band, called the Royal Cork Minstrels. They are now performing at the Garrick Theatre, and are acknowledged to be the worst band that ever had the honor of

appearing in a penny show. Only think of minstrels appearing in the costume of George the Second's time.....Mackney is at Weston's. He has made a hit in the "Saileur Boy," and "Johnny is a Shoemaker".....The Trio party (Warden, West and Farrenberg) are at Knightsbridge Music Hall. We also have Sullivan and his son (two fine negro delineators) here. Mr. Farrenberg is so withdraw from the Trio party on the 31st of December.... Crocker and Ritter, late of the Campbells, are doing well in London. They are playing at four concert saloons each night, and making lots of money.....The Christy Minstrels have brought out in Leeds, their new opera, written for them by Brough. It is very funny, and made a big hit. It is called the "Nigger Opera, or the Darkey Gal that Walks in her Sleep." This company are doing a better business this year than ever—so well that the new manager knows what per centage the Bank of England pays.....Mr. Gardner Coyne is drawing big houses at Birmingham.....Mr. A. B. Bierce, Yankee Comedian, has been doing well at the Standard Theatre.....The Female Christys, from the Royal Cider Cellars and Baron Nicholson's Coal Hole, are travelling through the provinces, and are doing a good business.....The voice of Mr. Charles Graham, the celebrated tenor, has recently changed into a low baritone, of such power and extent of compass that he has gone to Italy, to study anew under one of the greatest professors of the day. WIDE AWAKE.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 10th, 1860.—EDITOR CLIPPER: The "alleged errors" of the Memphis correspondent, as discovered by Mr. Signaigo, of the Little Rock Theatre, and noticed in last week's issue of the CLIPPER, require perhaps a word of explanation to show who is really in error. At the time the article was written, Mr. Signaigo was barkeeper in the theatre saloon, which situation he held last season, and retained (with perhaps a slight interval or two) up to the time we hear from him at Little Rock, previous to which he often stated he had retired from the stage; and being barkeeper at the time the article was written, we naturally set him down as a "retired actor;" but since he has adopted the "sock and buskin" for another "brief period," we retract that Mr Signaigo is now a retired actor, and sincerely hope that when he is tired of "making up for the stage" he will return to "making up drinks all around." One word more, Mr. Signaigo. If "Mrs Dyke" is still "on the boards"—as you say—please mention the name of the theatre with which she is connected, and the correspondent of the CLIPPER from this burgh will acknowledge he was misinformed

PETER PRIMROSE.

Miss Helen Eastman, of Lowell, Mass., gave an entertainment at Frazier's Hall, Lynn, on the 7th inst., consisting of serious and comic recitations, which are greatly eulogised by the local press.

Miss Kate Bateman made her first appearance after an interval of five years, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on the 7th inst., as Juliet, the young lady's personation of which character is spoken of by the local critics as suggestive of that of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, before she was classed with the "luminaries."

Mario, the famous tenor, who was reported to have been killed in one of Garibaldi's battles, proves to be yet alive, and as ready as ever for a good engagement, though of a more peaceable character than that likely to be realised on a tented field.

The intensely cold weather at New Orleans had operated injuriously on the theatres there. At the Varieties, standard comedies had been the rule.

The "Twin Yankees," Yankee Miller and Yankee Robinson, will open the season at Coldwater, Mich., for six nights, and proceed to Grand Rapids, (New Opera House) for the balance of the season. Their old show stock was all disposed of, and new traps procured, with facilities for representing the nautical drama of "Capt. Kyd," and such pieces.

On the 9th inst., (Sunday) a special performance of the historical spectacle of "Joseph and his Brethren," was given at the St. Louis Theatre.

Thiodon's Museum of Art was at Wyman's Hall, St Louis.

A few nights since, an accident occurred at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, which, but for a rare chance, must have been attended by fatal consequences. Mr. James Lolo, during the performance of a series of feats characterised as *La Chair Perche*, while on a chair at the top of a thirty feet pole, held in mid-air by another performer, commenced the execution of a series of very hazardous feats. In endeavoring to sustain his balance on the back of his chair, he lost his foothold, and fell heavily to the ground, where he remained for some seconds, but presently jumped to his feet, apparently unhurt. After leaving the circle, an examination was had, when it was found that Mr. Lolo had broken his right wrist. Everybody congratulated him upon his escape from a worse injury, as the probabilities, in such a fall as he had, were on the side of instant death.

The Colson Opera Troupe, with Brignoli, Adelaide Phillips, Susini, Coletti and Muzio, opened in Baltimore on Monday, at the Holliday Street Theatre. Martha was the initial opera, which was given for the benefit of the Maryland Guard to raise an Armory Fund. The prices have been fixed at $1. Reserved seats $1 50.

Business at the Holliday, Baltimore, has been very poor during the past week. "Rose Elmer," was played throughout the week to indifferent houses. Mr. Chas. Barton Hill, the leading man, continued indisposed. The leading business is in the hands of Mr. Williams, the prompter, who, doubtless tries to do his best. After the opera closes at this house, the "Seven Sisters," which is now in active preparation, will be brought out.

A Baltimore correspondent wishes us to say that Mr. Geo. Walker, the bill poster of that city, is a man who can be relied on for attending to his business; his charges are moderate and the work well done.

The Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, now open with Madigan & Co's Circus Company, is doing a very good business. "Biondin, the Hero of Niagara," has been the attraction during the past two weeks, and has drawn excellent houses. On Friday last he took his farewell benefit, and the house was filled to overflowing. On Saturday he appeared for the last time. This week the managers announce the first appearance in this country of the great Parisian equestrienne, Mlle. Josephine Galigani. Speaking of this company, *The Baltimore Sun* says:—"Amongst the artists of the company M. Morente deserves particular notice for his performances on the horizontal bar. Anything more graceful in gymnastics, or more truly surprising, we have not seen. It is one of the most pleasing series of feats we have witnessed. Mr. James Madigan's equestrianism battoute, leaping, and somersaults, are among the very best performances in that department." Mr. Willis Armstrong is one of the best "general" performers we have seen in this city for some time. His leaping is very graceful. Mlle. Elise Gardner, the wonderful child rider, is also very highly spoken of by the press. This company intend remaining in that city during the holidays, after which they return to Philadelphia.

A NOVELTY IN THE SHOW LINE.—Quite an interesting stranger arrived at the port of Savannah last week, in the shape of a trim and elegant little yacht of about twenty-five tons, which had braved the perils of the ocean all the way from New York harbor, and carried on board a complete company and equipments for a "show." The company consisted of Danforth L. Scott and wife, well known in the western country as dancers and pantomimists; Capt. C C Scott, of the yacht "Mary," and six junior Scotts, who form a little juvenile ballet troupe of very respectable pretensions, and in addition to ballets and pantomimes, play some light farces. They left New York two months ago, and have played in all the small ports along the coast with success. Their little fairy-like craft enters port in dashing style, with thirty-seven flags pendant from her delicate rigging, and the "Southern Rights Flag" on the top. Capt. Scott, and his brother D. L. Scott, with the assistance of one little boy of ten years, form the entire crew of the "Mary." They make a circuit of the coast of Florida, then sail for the West India Islands and the coast of South America; but they express a strong determination to carry their little cockle shell through the strait of Magellan and round to California before returning home. May no angry fit of "rude Boreas" "rake the cock boat fore and aft" on her perilous expedition. She attracted much interest in Savannah.

December 11th, 1860. Q.

California Theatrical and Show News.—San Francisco, Nov. 20th, 1860.—FRIEND FRANK—My only excuse for not writing by last mail is, idleness; but I will try and make amends by a full letter this week.

Lyster's Italian and English Opera Troupe have had possession of the Opera House since my last, and have been doing well. Wallace's new opera of "Lurline" was produced in excellent style, and drew good houses for upwards of a week. The company will continue for ten days longer, when they will sail for Australia.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been playing Delilah, in a new play from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Bein, entitled "Sampson and Delilah," at the American. The piece has some literary merit, but in my opinion is not destined to hold a very prominent place among modern dramatic literature. This week, Mrs. Hayne has produced a new play, written by herself, and called "Mary of Mantua." A new local piece is underlined—it is called the "Dice of Death; or the Last Wager."

The Martinetti Family—who arrived about three weeks since—are still idle, not being able to make an opening, as our theatres are all engaged. They will probably open at the Opera House in about two weeks; their first piece will be the "Green Monster," to be followed by "Raoul."

As Melodeons now are extremely popular, I presume they are deserving of particular "mention here."

The Lyceum Melodeon has been opened for two weeks, and has now got fairly under way with a good company, consisting in part of Miss Belle Divine, Mrs. Nellie Brown, Mr. Harry Courtain (who, by-the bye, has once more reformed, and has been received by the dear public with open arms and immense applause), Mr. Cranshaw, Geo. Coes, John Kelley, and Mr. John Wood, who is the manager. This week the Arabian Giant, Mr. Goshen, is playing "Cousin Joe" at this house.

Gilbert's Melodeon.—Since the engagement of Miss Harriet Gordon, at a salary of thirty dollars per night, this house has received a very large share of public patronage, and, although a very large salary to pay a single performer, Mr. Gilbert considers it a profitable investment.

The Bella Union, the original Melodeon, is always the same—no more room after 8 o'clock. They have in their company Mme. Eliza Baccecianti, Mrs H Courtain, Miss Marian Lee, Mr. Conner, John O'Neil, and others, who are all useful. This place is under the management of Max Zorer.

The Apollo Theatre.—This is a new house, on Market street, and opened about two weeks since. The company comprises Little Lottie, Miss Coggswell, Emma Howard, Augusta Williams, Frank Maye, Lewis Keller, and John Woodward. I think, that with good and frugal management, this place may be made to pay.

The Athenæum Melodeon.—This establishment was opened about three months since by Sam Wells, Walter Bray, Wm. Barker and Frank Hussey. These gentlemen took the desperate chances of making this heretofore unfortunate house pay, and by engaging a fair company, and by hard work, they met success, much to the astonishment of themselves, as well as every one else they succeeded. They were on the high road to fortune, sharing some weeks over one hundred dollars each, but they are unfortunately so constituted that they cannot bear prosperity. They were making too much money; so in order to vary the monotony of this continual money making they commenced quarrelling among themselves, during which time they neglected their business, and the result is the loss of their main attraction, and with it the principal portion of their audience. Sam Wells has retired from the management, and has been engaged at a salary.

Mr. and Mrs Jas. Stark have returned from Los Angelos, where they played two weeks to very fine business.

Mr. Geo. Ryer has gone to St. Louis, via Overland.

Mr. H. A. Perry, who has been playing at the American with Mrs. Hayne, was announced on last Thursday evening to appear in the character of Damon, but as the hour of eight approached, and Mr. P. did not make his appearance at the theatre, an apology was made, and Mr. Waldron assumed the part at this short notice, and in which he made a decided hit, being vehemently applauded throughout the play, and received an enthusiastic call at the fall of the curtain. Mr. W., though a young man, is well up on the histrionic ladder of Fame, and will doubtless at no distant day reach the topmost round.

Maguire is at his old tricks again. It appears that upon the last visit of his theatrical majesty to our State Capital, he met Mr. J. P. Hyde, the actor, (who is one of the most inoffensive gentlemen in the country) and without the least warning or provocation proceeded in true pugilistic style to lay this gent out. It seems that M. thought himself an injured man, from the fact of Mr. H. having secured the services of the charming Harriet Gordon, who it will be remembered, was imported by the missing agent, John Connelly, and who Tom had an idea was his property, body and soul; but not feeling satisfied with thus maltreating a weak and inoffensive man, he, at the breakfast table of the hotel on the following morning, let loose in a tirade of abuse on both the lady and gentleman, such as would put to the blush the most degraded denizen of the Five Points.

Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

The Cooper English Opera Troupe has been playing at the Savannah Theatre during the past week with fair success. Meanwhile, the Dramatic Company has been sent to Macon, where the great "Cotton Planter's Fair" is attracting a vast crowd of strangers. The "Marble Heart" was produced on the 11th, in which Mr. J. Henry Wright sustained the part of *Raphael*, and Miss Eberle that of *Marco*.

Max Irwin and Mlle. Lamoreau seem to have taken well in Pittsburgh, where they were engaged for four weeks, but were subsequently re-engaged, and are now in their eighth, which will close their performances in the Smoky City. They next visit Cincinnati, Memphis, and then New Orleans, and then back to "Dixie's Land," or, rather, New York.

Miss Joey Gougenheim made her first appearance, since her return from Europe, on Monday, the 17th, at the Athenæum, Boston, in Bourcicault's comedy, the "Irish Heiress," reconstructed in three acts for her. During the week Tom Taylor's comedy of the "Babes in the Wood," now being successfully played in London, will be produced for the first time in America. Miss Gougenheim has purchased the sole right of the piece for this country.

Perceval's Pagoda, Baltimore, was re-opened last week, and the manager is striving to make it worthy the patronage of the citizens of the Monumental City. The fairy spectacle of "Beauty and the Beast" has been produced, with music, songs, dances, and new scenery. In the company we find the names of Misses Amelia Butler, Julia Hamilton, Kate Hamilton, Augusta Ogden, Lucille Fairbanks, Mrs. Garry De Mott; Messrs. George Gray, Bob Butler, Garry De Mott, Bill Worrell, Paul White, H. Burns, etc., and a complete *ballet corps*.

"Joseph and His Brethren" did not seem to take very well at the St Louis Theatre. The people liked Heenan and his brethren much better, judging by the attendance. Miss Mary McVicker succeeded Joseph, and made her first appearance at the St. Louis, on the 10th, as Hamlet.

Yankee Bierce took a benefit at the Standard, London, on the 23d ult., on which occasion Mr. Barry Sullivan appeared as Sir Giles Overreach.

Byron Christy made his first appearance at the Bowery Concert Saloon, St. Louis, on the 8th inst., and was well received, by a full house.

The long promised Italian Opera Company for the Tacon Theatre, Havana, arrived in that city a few days since from New York. The performances were to commence immediately; but it seems the people take exception to the troupe, on account of its meagreness—Signora de la Santa Lotti and Signor Ponconi, prima donna and tenor, being the only novelties.

Economy and variety in prices seem to characterise the management of the National Standard Theatre in London; as evidence of which, we annex their different rates for admission, according to their American equivalents: New private boxes, seventy-two cents, each person; stage boxes, sixty cents, do.; half price, thirty six cents; private boxes on the dress circle, forty eight cents; half price, twenty five cents; private boxes on the upper circle, thirty six cents; half price, twenty four cents; centre box ("quite private"), forty-eight cents; half price, twenty four cents; centre circle, thirty-six cents; lower circle, twenty four cents; half price, twelve cents; upper circle, eighteen cents; half price, twelve cents; orchestra stalls, twenty-four cents; pit, twelve cents; gallery, three cents. The half-pricers are admitted as follows: To the new private boxes, centre circle, and stage boxes, at a quarter-past eight; to the private boxes on the dress circle, at a quarter to nine; to the private boxes on the upper circle, and the "quite private" one, at a quarter-past eight; to the lower circle, at a quarter to nine; to the upper circle, at a quarter-past eight. There is considerable ingenuity in the making up of the above schedule, and considerable memory will be required to retain the items.

Notwithstanding the proverbial order of a Parisian audience, a little accident lately occurred at the Grand Opera House in the French Capitol, which is worthy of record. During the performance of "La Favorita," a spectator seated in the orchestra stalls suddenly gave his neighbor a ringing box on the ears. The boxee returned the blow with something more than five per cent interest, and there were strong symptoms of a "free fight," when the combatants were separated. At the termination of the first act of the opera, the aggressor went into the lobby, followed by the person whom he had assaulted, and who turned out to be a native of the White Land, opposite to France. The two, finding it difficult to come to an explanation, were about to resort to a mode of settlement which, according to *prestige*, might have told to the disadvantage of "Johnny Crapeau." But at this moment an agent of the police, backed by the usual supply of bayonets, loomed in sight, and demanded of the Frenchman his reason for assaulting a stranger. "No reason in the world," replied the Parisian, with all the national flippancy, "except that I don't like the English." This was not considered a legal excuse, and so the gentleman, recollecting Waterloo and the elder Bonaparte, was carried off to "durance vile."

A short time since a duel came off in France between a critic and a dramatic author, respectively known as MM. Mansellet and Barriere. In view of this circumstance, the court before which the case was brought inflicted a fine of two hundred francs upon the former for the assault which led to the duel, and one hundred francs upon the latter for wounding his antagonist in the hand. It is thought, however, that the fame acquired by these gentlemen, in connection with the above passage at arms, is more than an equivalent for what the law has taken from them.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced their first engagement at the new Memphis Theatre on the 11th inst. They succeeded the "Wallacks," who closed there on the 8th ult., the last night of their engagement being for the benefit of the manager of the theatre, Mr. Wm. C Thompson; and as he is a favorite with the people who patronise that pretty temple of the drama, he had a good house. The "Wallacks" left there on the 9th for New Orleans, where they are engaged for a brief number of nights.

Our Louisville correspondent's letter annexed did not reach us until the day after we went to press last week:—

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 7, 1860.

DEAR CLIPPER:—The Florences conclude their engagement this week, which thus far has been a poor one, and the fact must somewhat astonish this talented couple, as their former engagements have been played to crowded houses; the tightness of money is the principal cause, and not a falling off of the popularity of the "Irish Boy and Yankee Gal;" at the same time we would advise Mr. F. to add some new pieces to his *repertoire*, as his old ones are worn thread-bare; and were it not for Mr. F's hosts of friends outside, would have ceased to draw long ago. "Dombey and Son" was produced, and was put upon the stage in a manner that reflects great praise upon the stage manager. Mr. F's rendition of the part of Captain Cuttle was inimitable, and reminded us of Burton in his palmy days at the old Chambers-street Theatre. The characters were well represented by the various *attaches* of the company, Old Grierson (sometimes called Old Bob) made a feature of the part of Sol Gills; but the best piece of acting the "old man" has done this season was the Laird Small, in "The King of the Commons." This veteran still retains all the pristine vigor of youth, although full of years. The season thus far has been very successful. Mrs Lorton, the fair lessee, has made a most wise selection in securing Mr. Marcus Elmore for stage manager, and Mr. Thomas Carey for Treasurer. It is rumored that great preparations are making for the production of a show piece for the holidays, whether this is so or not, I cannot positively say, and not being connected in any manner with the establishment, not even belonging to the army of dead-heads which nightly honor the theatre with their presence, I would not like to vouch for the truth of the report, although as a general thing, outsiders know more than those immediately connected.....I paid a visit to Hamburger, the Wyzard, at Masonic Temple, and must say that his performance was of the most mediocre and catch-penny description. He stated in his remarks that he had no machinery, and as far as this goes he was right; traps and fixtures with a wizard are one half the show. His furniture consisted of three tables, covered with cotton velvet, on which four candles reposed, and this constituted the grand palace of magic which was to strike the beholder with admiration and surprise. The audience was small, but fully as large as the attractions merited.....Mr. Whitney, the Elocutionist, will shortly appear at Mozart Hall, and give the Louisville public a chance to hear one of the most talented professors in the country.....The Rev. C. B Parsons (formerly on the stage,) who recently seceded from the Methodist and joined the Episcopal Church, has again seceded, and returned to his first love in the bosom of the disciples of John Wesley. The next thing we hear will be that the Rev. gent. has donned the sock and buskin.....I paid a visit to Lexington a few days since, and attended a concert at the theatre. Adelina Patti was the attraction, and drew a fine house.....Shorey & Green's Minstrels also did a fine business here. I wish to make a particular note of this, as it is so seldom any show does well in this Gibraltar. S. T.

Madame C. Varian James, with E. Hoffman, pianist, gave five concerts in Chicago, and on the 11th gave an entertainment in the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis.

At Palace Garden Varieties, Cincinnati, Ohio, they have a vocalist, Mr. C. Huntington, who gives imitations of the Calliope. The company now performing at the Varieties consists of Messrs Huntington, E. A. Perrine, A. Ryman, J. Stuart, N. H. Bland, C. W. Morgan, Tim Woodruff, G. W. Martin, F. W. Fellows, Mons. Cappolo, Miss Fannie Watson, and La Belle Louise.

Rossiter & Shay's Novelty Show gave two performances at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., on the 7th and 8th inst. The following comprise the company:—Mlle. Juliette, danseuse; Miss Jennie Young, vocalist; Charles Shay, Japanese juggler and knife-thrower; Harr Rossiter, wire performer; Otto Charles, concertina player; Rolla Rossiter, conjurer. This company will proceed to Whitehall, N. Y., and thence to all the principal towns in Vermont.

Hughey Clarke and lady have left the Varieties, Pittsburgh; and Max Irwin and Mlle. Lamareux were in their last week there.

Harry Pell ("orudder bones") took a benefit at the Gaieties, Pittsburgh, on the 12th inst. The company engaged there consists of the following: Miss Estella, Celestine, Emma and Marie; Messrs. James S. Maffitt, Charley Gardiner, Dick Cunningham, Harry Pell, Fult Myers, John Carle, W. C. Johnston, and Cooper Fielding.

On the 13th inst., the opera of "The Daughter of the Regiment" was produced at the Pittsburgh theatre for the benefit of the Washington Infantry, a military company of that place, when the members of the same, with the Pittsburgh Zouaves, gave an exhibition drill.

Several benefits came off at the Pittsburgh theatre last week; among the number, one by Trexel, the contortionist, and a brother professional (Signor Tigheman, unconnected with the establishment), on which occasion a fireman's trumpet was announced to be presented to the fire company which sold the most "pasteboard." The prize was carried off by the Neptune.

Mr. J. F. Poole's adaptation from "Gypsey Gower" was produced at the Pittsburgh Theatre, last week, with the following cast: Dr Wiseman, Mr. Hanchett; Aveline Rivers, Mr. Ralton; Jupiter, a darkie, Mr. Daly; Giles Winterbottom, Carden; Simon Stitch, Bernard; Ali Hamed, Smyth; Madge Branmore, Mrs. Nichols; Mrs. Gower, Miss Whiting; Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Edstrom; Gypsey, Mrs Henderson, &c. The piece is in four acts and twenty five tableaux, with a prologue of four scenes and five tableaux—the story from which it is taken being a palpable imitation of Mrs. Southworth's "Hidden Hand."

The Paris Cirque has a director named Dejean, who, it seems, is one of those persons with a crabbed outside, but with considerable of honey within. On a recent occasion, a rider in his employment went to his office, asking for a little money in advance—his plea being, his wife, who, he said, was in her confinement. "I can't do it," answered the director to the earnest appeal of the equestrian. "It is a rule with me never to make advances to any of my people." "But my wife is taken sick," reiterated the appellant, who began to enumerate the many extra things the lady at home would require. "How much do you want?" at last queried the manager, adding a vehement "ugh!" and "you bother me." "Five hundred francs—my wages for an entire month"—was the answer. The money was advanced; and at the end of the month the equestrian, knowing he had received his salary, did not appear at the treasury. In the evening Dejean sent for him. "You know," said he, with a wry, ugly look, confronting the rider, "that I fined you." "Why?" queried the performer. "I fine all those who do not present themselves to the cashier at the end of the month; as my book keeper desires to do things regularly. "But I had received my salary in advance," protested the rider. "Did I not tell you," responded the director, in a loud tone, "that I never gave any advance money? Go and receive your five hundred francs, and pay ten for your fine. Another time the fine will be doubled." Thereupon, the heart of the rider gave a leap, big as any its owner had ever indulged in on a horse's back.

A troupe of Minstrels, consisting of Messrs George W. Shepard, S. P. Emery, M. T. Skull, C. A. Boyd, W. H. Brockway, C. Reynolds, A. Weaver, A. Jones, W. Sampson, Fred. Wilson, Master Barney, J. D. Burton, W. A. Field, F. Corkdukes, and Chas. A. Morris is on its first annual tour, and exhibited at Liberty Hall, Boston, on the 14th and 15th inst. This troupe travels under the name of Wilson and Morris' Minstrels.

Mr. Lowton, who had been stage-door keeper at the Haymarket Theatre, London, for a long term of years, died on the 25th ult.

James Burton, a well-known low comedian on the English stage, died on the 30th ult., at the town of Bilston. The circumstance recorded is worthy of notice, in view of the independent condition in which the actor had lived for a long time.

At the Walnut, Philadelphia, "The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty," written by Mr. De Walden, for Burton's Chambers street Theatre, New York, is acted this evening, with the author in the character of Christopher Crookpath.

A tablet to the memory of the late Albert Smith, had been placed in the English Church at Chamounix, Switzerland, by Arthur, brother of the deceased gentleman. We annex the inscription: "To the memory of Albert Smith, who died on the 2d of May, 1860, in the forty-fourth year of his age. This tablet is erected here in the English Church at Chamounix by his affectionate brother, Arthur Smith." This simple monument is the first, recording the death of an Englishman, erected in the edifice.

The recent accidental killing of an actor in New Orleans, by an unfiled dagger, has suggested a letter in the English papers, on theatrical properties. The writer says that he has witnessed many narrow escapes through carelessness in this respect, and recommends a test of safety in regard to all weapons used on the stage.

The following are extracts from a very lively letter received from a correspondent in England. Our friend will perceive that we have omitted some of his items, which have been anticipated by news from other sources:—

Office London *American*, December 1st, 1860.—DEAR CLIPPER:—Ill health must be my apology for neglecting you so long. November, fogs and rains have prevented my being about, but now "Richard is himself again." December is ushered in with as delightful a morning as ever dawned, forming a marked contrast to frowning, cheerless November. But enough of prefacing; you want news, and here goes into the heart of the subject. John Drew (our John, who is known from Maine to Louisiana as an excellent actor and prince of good fellows), after having travelled the wide world over, visited every principal place in both hemispheres, excepting this little island, at last arrived here, and commenced acting in the capital of Old Ireland. Mr. Drew appeared before a London audience last Thursday night, for the first time. He was well known by reputation among the critics and literati, and the press mustered strongly upon the occasion. The house was well filled. The first piece, "Pets of the Parterre," passed pleasantly off. George Loder, the chief of the orchestra, wielded his baton; an admirable Irish medley was performed, and the curtain rose upon the first act of "Handy Andy." Upon Mr. Drew's first appearance, the applause was deafening, and from his first appearance until the fall of the curtain, Handy kept the house in one continuous roar of laughter, whenever he was upon the stage..... Drury Lane has closed, and will remain so until "Boxing night," when the Christmas Pantomime will be produced in all its glory. "The tale of '45," with Ben Webster and the Adelphi company, proved a dead failure, and was withdrawn. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews did their best to be attractive, but it was "no go." Nightly old Drury presented a "beggarly account of empty boxes," and the governor, Smith, thought he couldn't play to such pay, and closed doors....."Robin Hood" and Italian opera still hold their own at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sims Reeves, the great tenor, has been ill, and Mr. Swift took the part of Robin Hood, and succeeded in an admirable manner.....At Covent Garden, the "Ambuscade" and "Night Dancers" have been the attractions. On Thursday next a new legendary opera, by Balfe, entitled "Bianca; or, the Bravo's Bride," in which Miss Louisa Pyne makes her re-appearance, will be produced....."Colleen Bawn" is still the great feature at the Adelphi.....At the Haymarket Theatre, Tom Taylor's "Babes in the Woods" has been the chief dish. The coming week, the "School for Scandal" is to be reproduced. Miss Rose Howard (Mrs. Charles Howard) makes her first appearance at this theatre next week, announced as from the "principal American theatres"..... On Monday evening next, at Astley's Amphitheatre, a new Oriental spectacle is announced, entitled "The Lion Conqueror; or, The Death Jungle;" in which a group of performing lions appear.....At the Olympic, "Home for a Holiday," "Daddy Hardacre," and "Regular Fix," are the announcements for the coming week.....At the Strand, "Kenilworth," "Did I Dream It," and the "Post Boy."..... Mr. Proctor has just closed an engagement in London, and is now "starring" it through the provinces, appearing next week at York. Mr. Proctor will remain in England this winter, returning to America in the spring.....At the Standard Theatre, Mr. Barry Sullivan is playing a round of his favorite characters.....Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are in the provinces.....Buckley's Serenaders are doing well in London.....Morris, the great showman, and popular proprietor of the New York Hotel, has just arrived from the States, with a great card, which he purposes introducing to the English public.....The *London American* is now one of the institutions of the land. CHANCELLOR.

Miss Cushman enters her last week at the Boston Academy of Music, this evening, when she will appear as Lady Macbeth. On Tuesday, she takes the part of Romeo, and on Wednesday that of Meg Merilies.

Mr. Collins takes his benefit at the Arch, Philadelphia, this evening, and concludes his engagement there on the 22d inst.

Whitby's Great Show and Circus Company exhibit during the week at the Continental (late National), Philadelphia. One of the chief features of the programme ("Photographs of Napoleon's Life") is a truly excellent performance.

Several theatrical organizations having recently been broken up in Utah, a gentleman, desirous of furnishing the means of rational entertainment in his neighborhood, became lessee of a theatre at Camp Floyd, engaging a company, including Messrs. W. L. Crawford and A. E. Willis, the only two regular professionals at hand. The opening pieces were "Aggravating Sam" and "Broke the Bagman."

The dramatic season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, is announced to commence on the 24th inst., with Miss Cushman and the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, Miss Viola Crocker, Miss Emma Taylor, Miss Eliza Place, and Miss Cooper; Messrs. John Gilbert, L. R. Sherwell, J. B. Studley, Lewis Baker, James Dunn, Robinson, W. Wheatley, and J. S. Clarke.

Miss Joey Gougenheim plays the part of Norah Marion in Bourcicault's "Irish Heiress," at the Howard, Boston, this evening.

One of the most striking novelties for the current week at Ordway Hall, Boston, by the Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, is a sly hit at the times, called "Pompey's Visit to Washington." Most likely it will draw largely upon the risibilities of the audience.

The name of Mr. F. Whitman is up for a benefit this evening at the Boston Museum; Mr. Louis J. Mestayer follows him on Wednesday, and Mr. William Warner on Friday.

Messrs. J. C. Myers and C. J. Boniface, managers of the National Theatre, Boston, announce the engagement of Mrs. Kate Denin Ryan and Mr. Samuel Ryan, and their appearance this evening in the drama of "Joseph and his Brethren," and "The Irish Emigrant."

Mr. John Brougham had been playing a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

A new "wizard" is delighting the Londoners. He is named Antonio Poletti, and comes from Rome.

The Hullah Testimonial was yet in abeyance in England. There had been plenty of protestations, but comparatively little action. In view of this, a gentleman had written a letter to the newspapers, in which he speaks of the dangers of delay. Certainly, if any man deserves well of the English public, it is Mr. Hullah, who, for the past quarter of a century, has labored successfully towards the cultivation of music as a household science.

The company of the Olympic Theatre, London, performed before Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, on the 29th ult., the entertainments consisting of an adaptation from the French, entitled "Daddy Hardacre," and the farce of "B. B." The following were the respective casts—of the first piece: Adam Hardacre, Mr. F. Robson; Charles Clinton, Mr. W Gordon; Jobling, Mr. G. Cooke; Adolphus Jobling, Mr. Horace Wigan; Esther Hardacre, Miss Hughes; Mary, Mrs. Stephens. Of the second: Mr. Benjamin Bobbin, Mr. F. Robson; Squire Greenfield, Mr. G Cooke; Bob Rattles, Mr. Horace Wigan; Joe, Mr. H. Cooper; Mrs. Pancheon, Mrs. Stephens; Dorothy, Mrs. W. J. Emden; under the direction of Mr. W. B Donne. Stage manager, Mr. George Ellis. The theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thos. Grieve. Beside the Queen and the Prince Consort, several members of the royal family were present, with a whole host of notabilities. After the performances, a supper was given, at which Mr. Donne presided, and which he enlivened by a little theatrical speech, the main point being an allusion to the Prince of Wales, since his return from America, where Mr. Donne said he had shown himself a regular "walking gentleman." As an ungraceful set off to the above, the Queen and her consort were 'graciously' pleased to send word of their approval of the actors and the scene painter!

A case interesting to play-goers was recently decided in one of the London courts of law, which awarded damages to the suitor—a young man who had paid his money for a seat in a theatre, but could procure only standing room.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 211 8th Avenue.
29 3m* HARRY KAMES, President.

GEO. JORDAN D. A. meet Wednesday evenings, at the Steuben House, 293 Bowery. J. H. CARTER, President.
S. F. CURRAN, Secretary. 29 8t*

J. W. COLLIER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—The inauguration night of the new amateur dramatic association was fixed to take place at Dramatic Hall, on the 12th inst.

THE JOE JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave their 18th dramatic entertainment at Dramatic Hall on Friday 'eve, Nov. 30th, commencing with "Love's Sacrifice;" Mr. J. H. Hart personating Matthew Elmore, a rather difficult part for the gentleman, but he acquitted himself remarkably well. E. S. Keene, as Paul Lafont, was good. L. P. Warth sustained St. Lo very creditably. Jean Rose, as portrayed by George Dessove, was excellent. C Folwell's Eugene DeLorme was fair, as also H. Bennett's Friar Dominic. The remaining parts of Murlac and Duveray by Messrs. Livingston and Mercier were passable. Mrs. R. Cantor, a professional lady, rendered the part of Margaret Elmore excellently. Mrs. Everett appeared as Herminie de Vermont, in the absence of Lottie Leigh. The "Taming Legacy" concluded the performance, with the following gentlemen in the cast:—Hart, Rutledge, Folwell, Bennett, Nelson and Livingston.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Boothenian Dramatic Association announce a performance on the 20th inst., of the tragic play of "Lucretia Borgia," which was given a short time since, with great success. The cast includes Mr. Adams, as Gubetta; and Mr. Charles S. Rogers, as Gennaro. The laughable farce of "Bombastes Furioso" follows, with Messrs. Hayman and Dobson as the principal characters. On the evening of the 27th, "Richelieu" will be acted.

THE TURF.

TROT AT MIDDLETOWN.—On the 6th inst., a trotting match took place on the Middletown, N. Y., Race Course, of which the following is a summary:—

MIDDLETOWN COURSE.—Match, $100 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Jos. Coneygan names Lady Coneygan.....1 dr
M. Ogden names b m Cropsey.....2 dr.
Time—2 51.

On getting the word for the second heat, the mare shied, and ran into Cropsey, upsetting the wagon, and starting off at a tremendous pace, with the wagon dangling at his heels. After making three circuits of the course in this way, he was finally caught, and both parties agreed to call it a draw.

TROTTING ON THE FRANKLIN COURSE.—On the 4th inst., a trot came off over the Franklin Course, near Boston, which excited some interest, mile and repeat in harness, between S. Emerson's Spotted, J. McGlue's Wild Irishman, and William Woodruff's Ida. Emerson, who displayed superior generalship on the occasion, won in two straight heats. Time, 2.55, 2.54.

TROTTING AGAINST TIME IN CALIFORNIA.—A trot took place at the Pioneer Course, San Francisco, on the 13th ult., for the sum of $2,500, Barney Rice having matched his bay gelding Emigrant to go five miles to wagon inside of eighteen minutes. Quite a number of persons were present at the track. Considerable betting was made, but the horse brought his backers out whole, making it in 17.58½.

SAND-BEDS FOR HORSES.—A vetinary surgeon of Dundalk, Ireland, of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw as bedding for horses, but that it is, in many ways, superior to it, as the sand does not heat, but saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for bedding in his stable.

STALLION DEAD.—The fine draft stallion, Ben Dragon, owned by B. B. Sutton, of Yolo county, Cal., died on the 6th ult. He was valued at $1,500. Ben and mate were awarded the premium for matched draft horses, at the recent fair of the Bay District Society in the Golden State.

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO OTTERS.—In the river Torridge, in Devon, otters are at the present time, very numerous. A few days since, John D. Bastard, fisherman, of Torrington, saw a fierce fight between two large ones, coming down the Beam Weir Pool. When he first caught sight of them, shortly after six o'clock, they were then fighting, and they continued in combat, without a moment's cessation, for nearly an hour, making a noise very like two small dogs fighting. They were all the while in the water, now on the surface, and now below, and, holding on to one another for some time together, would roll over and over again; then, rising half out of the water, they would spring at each other in the most savage manner, lashing with their tails as they fought, and making the water circle in large waves around them. At length they got under a bank, and the lighter one began to cry out in good style, and struggled to make his escape. Eventually he succeeded in so doing, plunged under the bank, and was not afterwards seen. The victor dived again and again, as though in search of his antagonist, but, not being able to find him, he finally gave himself a few shakes, and went away up the pool from whence he had come. Bastard says that he never saw two dogs fight so fast and so furiously as these otters, and he was quite anticipating that one or the other of them would be killed.

FOOT BALL MATCH BETWEEN TRINITY COLLEGE VS HARROW SCHOOL.—This match, 18 on each side, was played at Harrow on Saturday week, Nov. 24th, on as heavy a piece of ground as ever tried the wind of Cantabs. The School won the toss and for about an hour the game was very evenly contested, the Harrovians having some advantage in the ground, and playing very pluckily. Notwithstanding, a base was at last obtained against them, and, after this kicking down hill, the old Harrovians, though they failed to obtain a second base, had it pretty much their own way. The Trinity men, for a great part of the game, lost the aid of Mr. C. Barclay, who, after performing prodiges of play, was forced, by a severe accident, prematurely to re-ascend the hill.

DON'T LIKE IT.—On the 29th and 30th ult., the household furniture and miscellaneous effects of Mr. R. Ten Broeck were to have been sold at auction, that gentleman having removed his training establishment from Newmarket, that locality not su

BECELLUS;
THE GLADIATOR.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ROME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY J. HAYDOCK,

Author of "The Latines," "A Lawyer's Client," &c., &c.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Hestia "Caged" with Becellus—Domitian Confronted by Satarantha—She Threatens his Life, and Forces him to Release Becellus—Rabiere's Death—Domitian, Discomfited, Retires to his Bath—His Tragical Death—Otto at the Head of the Roman Mob.

A damp, cool air struck them in their faces as they went down, growing more damp and more cool as they walked. The atmosphere bore upon it a sickening odor, that seemed to catch in the throat, making one fairly gasp.

"My Lord," cried Hestia. "I faint!"

"One moment, and thou will be there," said Domitian.

Emerging into a low, vaulted space, Domitian stopped before a door deep set in the wall, and taking a key from his girdle, and inserting it in a lock, he threw back the bolt. As the door turned upon its hinges, it gave forth such a grating sound as would set your teeth on edge.

"Enter thou!" said Domitian; "thy lover holds forth here."

"Who disturbs my misery?" sighed a voice from the dungeon. At this, Hestia gave utterance to a glad scream of joy, and darted into the room.

"Caged!" shrieked Domitian, "Caged! caged at last!"

With this he slammed the door back in its place, and turning, wended his way up the stairs he had come down. "Ugh!" said he, "this air is cold; I must quaff me a cup of Somasia, ugh!" With this, he entered the room, and set himself down to grow tipsy on the wine he called "Somasia," thinking what he had done would add zest to the taste of the grape. He did not at first notice that Rabiere was resting in a very strange position on a couch at the farther corner of the room; but when he did, he rose from his seat and, walking rapidly towards him, touched him on the shoulder with his hand.

"Rabiere! what sayest thou, and what news of import to us?"

No answer came. Domitian gave him a more severe push, and Rabiere rolled stiffly on the floor.

"May I never see Elysium," cried Domitian, "but this is most strange! Rabiere, arouse thee! Thou hast quaffed too often—thy head is not as strong as that of jolly Bacchus."

Still there was no answer returned; and Domitian, not knowing what to make of it, stooped down beside Rabiere. As he did this he saw that a small dagger was sticking in his side, right over his heart.

"By Jupiter!" shouted Domitian, starting back, "who has done this thing? There are traitors abroad and———"

"At home," added a shrill voice at his elbow.

Domitian turned quickly, and stood face to face with Satarantha.

"Who art thou, hag?" demanded Domitian.

"Who am I?—thy foe."

"Ah! ha! Get thee gone, or I'll have thee tossed from the palace window."

"Softly, king, see that thou do not threaten, or thy fate may be like his;" and Satarantha pointed to the body of Rabiere.

"Didst thou do this?" said Domitian.

"I did," firmly answered Satarantha.

"Why, thou hell hound!" roared Domitian, "thou hast killed the king's best friend."

"Have I!" sneered she.

"Thou hast," said Domitian.

"The king comes next," continued Satarantha, drawing a dagger. "See to thyself."

"What, ho!" cried Domitian. "What, ho! to the rescue!" and he darted towards the door.

Satarantha grasped him by his mantle.

"Stay thy steps—and thy voice likewise."

"What dost thou want?"

"Give me back my son," almost screamed Satarantha, "or thou diest."

"I know nothing of him," said Domitian. "Unloose me, or thou shalt suffer the pangs of hell."

"Phaugh!" rejoined Satarantha tauntingly, "thou art powerless and I know it. Show me where Becellus my son is confined, and I will let thee go."

"Woman," said Domitian, "suppose I do not?"

"Then thou diest."

"Woman! I am Domitian."

"I know who thou art," said Satarantha. "I came and have waited to see thee. That dog laying there attempted to thrust me forth; I hurt his sore breast, he attempted to thrust me with his sword, so I killed him. Now thou knowest all—lead me to my son."

"I am no lackey, woman, that I should do thy bidding."

Satarantha, who had not for one moment loosened her hold on the mantle of Domitian, raised her dagger, and said:—

"Thou art weaponless—powerless. Do my bidding, or thou diest. I give thee a moment to choose."

Domitian eyed the dagger, and the desperate woman that held it, for an instant, and then said:—

"Thou shalt see him. I'll have him brought here."

"Soon?"

"Ay," said Domitian. "I'll call a trusty servant that I know of, who will bring him to thee. I go——"

"Not from this room," broke in Satarantha; "thou canst not leave this place. Call thy servant here."

"Dost thou want him to see thy handiwork laying there?"

"I care not, so that thou summon the one thou spoke of here."

Domitian, seeing that he could do nothing less than the bidding of Satarantha, summoned an attendant, and ordered him to conduct to him his jailor, Rusticus. With a terrified glance at the dead body of Rabiere, the attendant hurried from the room.

We now return to Hestia. We have said that she darted with a glad cry into the cell of Becellus. She had no sooner entered than Becellus caught her in his arms. There was a dim light coming through a narrow portal in the side of the cell, that was just sufficient to make darkness visible. It was light enough, however, to those accustomed to it, and therefore Becellus had no difficulty in recognising Hestia. It was different with her, and—she waited, she was happy, however, in the thought that she was in the arms of her lover, and so she cared but little for the light.

"My flower!—my sweet one! thou hast come back to me."

"Yes," said Hestia, clinging to Becellus. "I see thee not, yet I am happy."

"Thy eyes are not yet accustomed to the place," said Becellus, kissing her. "In time they will be. How hast thou fared?"

"But illy, my own," murmured Hestia. "I have thought that I could die when the cruel king separated thee from me."

"Thou hast not married him yet?"

"Oh!" cried Hestia, "how canst thou ask that? Thou hast no confidence in me."

"But I have, my sweet! else mine arm would not encircle thee now. Thou art true to me? Certainly thou art; none could be more so."

"Why art thou in this wretched place?" asked Hestia.

"I know not," said Becellus; "I have done no crime, that I know of."

"I think that thou art here because thou lovest me," said Hestia. "The king was angered because thou wast a rival."

"Does his queen not live?"

"Yes," said Hestia. "But if thou couldst only hear what I have—the threats, the oaths poured out against her—astonishment would seize thee."

"And is it so? Oh!"

"Yes. The king——"

"Ay! the king—never thou mind him; tell me how thou didst get here?"

Hestia then, answering Becellus, told him what the reader is familiar with.

Becellus heard her story with numerous interruptions in the shape of kisses; and it all at last being happily told, he drew her on his knee, and asked her of his father. Of course Hestia knew nothing of him, imprisoned as she had been in the palace; and so informed Becellus.

"I should like to know something of him," said Becellus. "Dost thou know the date of this day?"

"It is the eighteenth day of September," replied Hestia.

"Thank thee!" said Becellus, gazing down into her upturned face. "But I wonder what for, and why, thou art here."

Hestia was about to reply, when the harsh sound of a key turning in the rusty lock of the door made her stop. Hestia sprang from the knee of Becellus, as the door was flung open, and light poured in from a blazing torch.

"Becellus," said a coarse, male voice, "come forth!"

With a bound Becellus was at the outside of his cell, and Hestia with him. The jailor started back. "I thought there was only one," said he.

"No!" replied Becellus, "there are two. Lead on, my man, for thy torch doth dazzle mine eyes."

The jailor turned and led them up the flight of steps that Hestia had come down. Then by another entrance they passed into a corridor of the palace, and in a moment stopped at a closed door.

None of the three had spoken a word as yet. The jailor was the first that broke the silence.

"My mission," said he, "ends here. Knock! and then some one coming will lead thee to the king, my gladiator."

With this the jailor withdrew.

Becellus gave a lusty blow upon the door, and it was immediately opened by Satarantha.

Satarantha uttered a wild scream, and darted at Becellus with arms outstretched.

"My son! my son!" cried she, "I see thee once more."

Then, disengaging herself from his arms, she caught Hestia up, and almost suffocated her with kisses.

Domitian stood by, scowling on all this, while all his hate boiled up in his heart in a seething flood of bitterness. Then, with a curse, he left the room, and wended his way towards his bathing closet.

Entering it, he ordered his attendants to bring the napkins, brushes, and all the paraphernalia that were used for the purpose of bathing. Then, these being placed ready for use, he prepared himself, and was about to step down into the bath when Petronius hurried into the room and announced to the king that Strephanus, the Comptroller, desired to speak to him on affairs of the utmost importance.

"Ha!" said Domitian. "It is about time that he looked out for our interests. A foul cur is he; let him be admitted."

"He wishes to speak privately," continued Petronius; "what he has to say is only for thy ears."

"Then do thou leave."

"But the attendants?" added Petronius, inquiringly—

"Shall be sent from here, when he arrives."

"Then I shall go tell him that thou art ready to hear him?"

"Aye," said Domitian, "do so."

Petronius left the room, and Strephanus shortly entered.

"My lord," said he, "I salute thee."

Domitian nodded. "What hast thou to say," inquired he.

"Oh! king. A conspiracy—an attempt against thy life has been discovered by me."

"No more," said Domitian, raising his hand. "Let my attendants retire first."

"Now," continued he, as the servants walked from the room, "proceed with the news."

"A conspiracy—a woful—a dangerous one, but one hour ago was found out by me."

"Go on," said Domitian, impatiently; "thou art as slow as—as—time. But stop—! what hast thou in thy hand?"

"It was injured some days ago," said Strephanus, "and I have to conceal it in a sling, as thou seest."

"I like it not," said Domitian. "But go on, man—go on. How was it found out—who are the principals?"

"Rabiere was the principal one," said Strephanus; "and Otto, the father of the young gladiator Becellus, was the second."

"What!" roared Domitian.

"Aye! I can but tell over what I have said," continued Strephanus; "it is but fact."

"Then," said Domitian, "he has met his fate. He was slain but a short time since, and lies dead in my ante-chamber."

Strephanus was somewhat staggered at hearing this. "Who was it that did this?" said he.

"One of the Harpies," replied Domitian. "I was looking at his body, when a fearful and hideous looking woman touched me on the shoulder and demanded a prisoner of me. I consented, thou knowest my good nature, and he is with her now. But tell me of thy conspiracy; methinks thou wilt never get to it."

"The shortest way, my king, is for thee to read this paper. It gives all the names and places."

Strephanus, saying this, handed a paper to the king, which he took, and commenced to read with eager curiosity. As he was doing this, Strephanus drew his hand from his scarf (in which he held a dagger) and struck Domitian in his groin. The king gave vent to a scream of mortal terror, and catching hold of Strephanus, threw him to the ground.

"Help! The king dies!" shouted Domitian. "Come, delay not. Help! Help!"

The door was flung open, and a freedman, with Becellus and Domitia, rushed in.

"Kill him!" screamed the Queen. "Leave him not a breath to curse his fate."

"Die!" cried Becellus, thrusting his sword through the body of Domitian.

"Spare him not!" cried Petronius; "a lizard—a snake."

"Give me thy blade," said Domitia to the freedman.

Domitia grasped the handle of the sword, and running up to the dying king, struck him in the throat.

"Thou wouldst destroy me!" said she. "Die the death that thou shouldst have met long ago."

The king opened his eyes and looked up at the hard-set faces looking down on him.

"I yield my life to the Gods," said he, and expired; he having received seven wounds all in the most vulnerable parts of his body.

Just as this event took place (the king's death) wild shouts and screams came in through the window, as of a mob enraged.

Domitia went to the window, and looked out.

"We demand," said a lusty voice, "that Becellus be set free."

Becellus went to the window.

"Who is he," asked Domitia, "that demands that?"

"It is my father," cried Becellus, joyfully. "See! he doth recognize me; and so do the mob."

This was a fact. Such a roar went up from that surging, heaving throng, as had never before been heard in Rome.

"Throw out to us the king, my son," cried Otto.

"Domitian died but a moment ago," was Becellus' response.

Another roar from the mob.

"Thou hadst better go down to them," said Domitia to Becellus, "and take thy Hestia with thee."

CHAPTER X.

Parting of Domitia and Becellus—Her Gifts to Him and Hestia—Becellus Returns Home—Joyful Meetings, and Greetings—Gifts Displayed and Admired—Happy Conclusion—Vale!

"Ay!" said Becellus; "so do I intend. I'll steal from the palace by the rear. I care not to enter such a mob with a gentle girl."

"It is as well," said Domitia. "And Becellus?"

"Yes, my queen," said Becellus.

"As I may never see thee more, take thou this bracelet; it is a remembrance for Hestia. For thyself, here is a ring. In after years, ye both may recur to them to prove that memory is not dead. There—no thanks; farewell!"

"Farewell, my Queen!" said Becellus, going down on one knee. "Let me, before thou goest, touch thy foot with my lips."

"Nay," said Domitia, smiling, "there is no need of such homage now."

"It is but a slight thing to thee, but much to me; pray thee grant me my boon."

Domitia, still smiling, drew her robe from off her feet, and Becellus, stooping still more, pressed his lips upon them.

"May the Gods," said he, "smile down on thee from old Olympus, with a never changing smile! I take thy gifts. For Hestia I speak, and thank thee for what thou hast given her and me."

"There—there—no more! The mob grow impatient. Look to thyself, and remember me no more—save as in a dream."

"May I ask but one question before I go?" said Becellus.

"Yes!" replied Domitia. "What is thy wish?"

"Whether thou dost reign in Rome—the king being dead."

"No, no!" said Domitia. "Upon intelligence being received of the death of Domitian, the Senate appoint a new king. It is probably done now. Art thou answered?"

"I am," said Becellus.

"Then once more, farewell!"

"Farewell," rejoined Becellus. "And—"

Hoots and groans from the mob outside.

"Thou hadst better tell them that thou art free," said Domitia, "I cannot linger more."

With this Domitia turned from Becellus and walked quickly out of the room. He followed her with his eyes, until the door closed upon her form; then, walking to the window, he looked down at the mob.

"When wilt thou join us?" demanded a *gaiman*, shouting up to Becellus.

"Soon, my comrade," shouted back Becellus; "in the Spoliarium."

"Thou wilt be the first one there," said the man in reply, at which the crowd roared lustily.

"Come forth, Becellus!" screamed another one at the outskirts.

"I shall," said Becellus. "I'll meet thee at mine house."

Becellus then drew back his head, and hurried to the room where he had left his mother and Hestia. Upon arriving there he found the room empty, save a servant, who leaned in one corner against the wall, praying the gods that his life might be spared. Becellus strode up to him, and demanded of him where the women were that stood in that room a short time agone.

"They have gone away," answered the terrified attendant.

"What said they?"

"They desired me to remain until Becellus came back."

"I am Becellus—what then?"

"I thought thou wast him," said he.

"What said they?" roared Becellus.

"That they would go to thy house, and that thou shouldst meet them there."

"Ah!" said Becellus, "I am relieved of a great anxiety. I'll haste me there. Hast thou thy message right?"

"On my head be it if I have not," said the servant.

"Then there, there's an obolus or two for thee," said Becellus, throwing down a handful of coin. "Now I wish to ask thee if thou knowest a private entrance from this place?"

"I do."

"Then lead me to it," continued Becellus, "I wish to escape, unperceived, from the mob."

"They will harm thee not."

"Will thou show me what I ask of thee?" demanded Becellus—"Yes, or no?"

"I will!" answered the servant; "follow me close."

"Lead on!" was Becellus' brief command.

"Come then, and thou shalt be satisfied."

Becellus, taking the man at his word, did follow him. The attendant, walking in advance, led Becellus from the room and down a wide and balustraded staircase; then through many a lofty room; then down more staircases, until, at last, he stood outside the palace, on the opposite side to which the mob was. As the attendant was about to hurry away, Becellus called him back.

"Do thou go to the window, and tell the mob that I have left the palace. Dost thou attend?"

"I do."

"Then see that thou carry out what I ask."

So saying, Becellus hastened from the palace to his own dwelling as rapidly as he could. The attendant, hastening to the window, shouted to the clamoring mob that Becellus was no longer within—that he had gone.

This the crowd, at first, did not believe; but as no Becellus came, though they roared lustily enough for him, they had to believe at last. Then they looked around for their leader, Otto, but he was gone; and so, seeing all this, they quietly dispersed, and went about their respective duties.

Becellus, on arriving at his home, found his father and mother, with Hestia, all there before him; thus making the servant's word good.

"Thou art back!" cried Otto, grasping him by the hand. "May the Gods be blessed for thy safety! O, my son."

"Yes," added Becellus, cheerily; "all safe and well. But has Hestia no words of greeting for me?"

"Thou didst run away from me in the palace," said Hestia, archly. "How can I forgive thee for that?"

"True, I was wrong in so doing," said Becellus; "but what I went for must be my excuse."

"Thou art excused," said Satarantha. "Hestia did but jest with thee. Is the tyrant dead?"

"Ay! that is he," replied Becellus, promptly. "And now come to me, Hestia, that I may show thee what the queen has sent by me for thee."

"What!" said Hestia, drawing up to Becellus, while Otto and Satarantha looked on with much curiosity.

"This bracelet!" said Becellus, holding it up for inspection.

"Oh!" cried Hestia, "that is most beautiful! Didst thou thank her for me?"

"That did I," said Becellus.

"It is wonderful," said Otto, "that we should be so honored."

"Thou didst see the queen?" said Satarantha. "Where is she now?"

"That I know not," answered Becellus. "She bade me farewell, and left the room; I know no more of her."

"What hast thou got for thyself," whispered Hestia to Becellus.

"Dost think I have a gift?"

"Surely," said Hestia.

"Thou art correct as ever; I have a gift—this ring."

"It is as pretty as this bracelet," exclaimed Hestia. "I am overjoyed that thou hast it!"

"I hear from thy mother," said Otto to his son, "that thy patron is dead."

"Thou dost mean Rabiere?"

"I do."

"Yes," said Becellus, "so he is. No more coins of gold will find their way into my purse from his."

"It is as well," added Otto. "But who is this?"

Plunging down the steps, Simon, with three more gladiators, entered the place. To their hasty greetings Becellus gave a like response, and answered them as they would have him do.

Being invited to stay and share the supper with the family, they did so, and we can safely say that no one's success in life was ever drank more enthusiastically than was Becellus'. Hestia, nor Otto, nor Satarantha were forgotten either, and the moon shone out clear and bright before the party dispersed.

* * * * * * *

CONCLUSION.

A few months, since the events above narrated, had passed quickly by, and Becellus was united with Hestia in marriage. It requires no effort of mind to roll back the curtain of years and see all this as we see it; but it is done at last, and we hope that all are satisfied, for our story's told. Becellus is happy—happy with his wife and his home; kindest of readers, may you always be so too. *Vale!*

THE END.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

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NUMBER FIVE.

Ned Brown, the Sprig of Myrtle—His Battle with the Gay Market Boy.

Brown was matched with the Gay Market Boy, Horsham, for five pounds a side. The battle took place on Mitcham Common, on Tuesday, April 24, 1821. The Fancy postponed attending to the attractions of Greenwich and Stepney Fair, till Whitsuntide; and the lots of Amateurs which were seen early on the road, put all the Bonifaces into good humor, under the idea of turning some of the loose cash of the holiday people to account. The ring was capacious and well made, and some thousands of persons were round it. Brown was the favorite (five to four,) from being well known. Horsham had also a good character for game qualities, and he was at least ten pounds the heavier; but it was his first appearance in the Prize Ring. At two o'clock, Brown, followed by Josh. Hudson as his second, threw his hat into the ring; and Horsham shortly afterwards repeated the token of defiance, waited upon by Eales and Harry Bailey. The combatants were nearly of a height, and both appeared in good condition.

Round 1. The attitude of Brown was interesting, and the points he showed were a convincing proof that he was well acquainted with the manœuvres of the Prize Ring. Horsham appeared confident, and he might be termed a little big man, from his muscular frame. Some little pause occurred, when Brown let fly with his right hand at the body, but it fell short. After another pause, Horsham endeavored to plant a heavy hit, but Brown broke ground in good style; Horsham rushed in, made a slight hit or two, and bored Brown to the ropes, when, after some exchanges in struggling for the throw, Brown went down, undermost. "Bravo, Young Sparrowgrass," from the market coves—"Shake it out of him!"

2. Horsham gave some Pepper-alley touches, but they were random shots. He also bored Brown again to the ropes, when the Gay Market Boy napped it, but he got Brown down. Five to four on the latter.

3. The Sprig of Myrtle now began to show his superiority by nobbing his opponent and getting away; he also put in a wisty castor on the ribs; but the strength of Horsham enabled him to throw Brown out of the ropes, and he also fell down himself.

4. This round made Brown the favorite (seven to four). In closing, the Sprig fibbed his opponent in the Randall style; and, when tired of hammering, he got Horsham down. "The Westminster boys were all in the stirrups," and they now offered to sport their blunt like waste paper.

5. Horsham came up to the scratch an altered man, from the severe fibbing he had received in the last round, which the old Westminster Champion, Caleb Baldwin, called a "bit of good truth!" The skill here displayed by Brown was admirable; he manœuvred about till he got his opponent with the sun in his face, when he planted a nobber, and got away. Horsham, however, put in some heavy hits, till both went down.

6. In struggling at the ropes, in a most singular manner, both of the combatants, like two tumblers, went heels over head.

7. Horsham showed good game, but he depended upon his rushing qualities. He missed his aim, and Brown nobbed him severely, till both went down.

8. This round occasioned considerable laughter: Brown went down from a slight hit, and his second, Josh Hudson, being close behind his man, (and who had not exactly got out of him all the humors of Greenwich Fair, of the preceding day,) fell down also, and was out of the ropes.

9 to 14. In all these rounds, Brown, more or less, took the lead: but Horsham was too hardy to be beaten off hand: the face of the latter was by this period terribly punished, and his eyes were rather damaged.

15 to 18. Three and four to one had been offered by the Westminster boys, but this was thought to be a sort of flourish; however, Brown, like a careful experienced miller, kept taking the lead, yet doing nothing rashly. Horsham was still strong, and endeavored to bore Brown down.

19. Something like a wrangle was tried on; but the umpires would not have it: and "Foul, foul!" was lustily called out, which was opposed by "Fair, fair!" In struggling at the ropes, Brown got his man nearly down, and would have dropped him, but Horsham kept hitting up at his opponent, and would not quit his hold.—A guinea to a crown.

20. Horsham was exhausted, and again received severe punishment, till both went down.

21 to 23. Horsham gave his head, and Brown made the most of it. He changed the complexion of his opponent's face quicker than a painter could.

24. "Foul!" "Fair!" similar to the 19th round. "It's all up!" said Josh., "and I'll take you to the Fair this evening, my Sprigky!"

25 and 26. The road to Pepper alley, by Brown; and no Turn-again-lane by Horsham—"Take him away!"

27. Severe counter hits, that almost gave the St. Vitus' dance to both of their nobs. Brown here also punished him down, and "Foul!" and "Fair!" were again resorted to. This was, however, a well fought round.

28 and last. It was all over with Horsham, and he only came to the scratch to nap it. Brown dropped him in easy style, and when time was called, he could not leave the knee of his second. It was over in thirty five minutes.

Rough commoners, however good streeters they may be, must not attempt to meddle with the out and out Sprig of Myrtle; it is only such a fine fighter as Curtis that can beat Brown. Horsham is a game, good little man; but he had no scientific points about him. He was too fond of rushing in: such a mode may do in a turn-up, but in the Prize Ring it will not answer. He was terribly punished about the head, while Brown had not a scratch upon his face. However, the friends of Horsham were not to be disheartened with his manly behavior, and it being his first appearance in the Ring, that they offered to back him against any boxer of his weight, who had not had more experience than himself. Horsham had only been out of an hospital five weeks.

It is but common justice to observe, that a better bit of stuff, more especially of his very light weight, 8 stone 4 lbs., is not to be found amongst the list of boxers. He is 5 feet 2 inches in height. Brown was born in the year 1800. He is always ready for a mill; and he possesses so much true courage, that it should almost seem his heart is as big as his body.

Brown fought at Richmond, a man of the name of Robarts, weighing 14 stone; and, notwithstanding this great disparity in size and weight, in the course of three quarters of an hour, Robarts was so severely punished, that he was glad to give up the contest. Brown, on this occasion, was seconded by Greenfield.

Our hero was matched off hand against Gilham, for 10 guineas a side. This battle was decided in Oliver's long room, at Westminster. Gilham was nearly a stone in weight more than Brown; but the pluck of the latter enabled him to win it, in one hour and two minutes. Richmond acted as second to Brown.

Horton, a Gas-Light Man, was matched against Brown for a subscription purse, also in Oliver's long room, on Monday, March 2, 1819. Horton was a stone heavier than Brown. Richmond and Scroggins seconded the latter. The courage and heroism displayed by the above little trump of the Westminster nursery, astonished all the amateurs. The pluck, scientific hitting, agility, and coolness, exhibited by Brown, portrayed all the combined talents of the oldest veteran of the ring. The upper works of his opponent were so peppered, that the Gas-Light Company, it appears, must have had great difficulty in recollecting their man; while young Brown had scarcely a scratch. The Gas-Light hero, however, was nothing else but a good one; but for the last ten minutes, when Brown was rather distressed, the science the latter showed was loudly applauded: he hit his man every instant without receiving any effective return; in fact, it was asserted, it was a diamond to a dump; but in a close, or struggle, the umpire decided a foul blow had been given by Brown, and the victory was decided against him. The feelings of little Brown were so hurt upon this unexpected termination, that "the big tear was seen rolling down his iron cheek." A liberal subscription was, however, collected for him.

In a turn up with Lenney, Brown experienced defeat.

For ten guineas a side, Brown entered the lists with one Green, at Beddington Corner. Randall seconded Brown upon this occasion; when Green was defeated, in the course of 40 minutes.

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